Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Our Grass Fields in the Future.

Throughout the State great anxiety has been manifested during the present spring concerning the condition of the grass and the prospects of the hay crop—the crop upon which rests all our prosperity as an agricultural community. And this anxiety comes at a time when it does no good whatever, so far as the present is concerned. If it leads farmers to reflect upon their past ill-treatment of grass lands, and influences them to put in force means for remedying this past neglect, it will teach a severe but needed lesson.

Two immediate causes have operated together to produce the unfavorable condition of the fields the present spring; the severe drouth of last season, and the open weather from early in March onward; a period of at least six weeks before snow usually leaves the ground. Last summer the roots of the grass were completely dried out by the long continued absence of rain. The fall rains were scanty, and notwithstanding the slight feed, fields were from actual necessity close cropped. The beneficial effects of the slowly melting snow settling down through the turf, giving grass a complete drenching and keeping the ground moist for weeks, causing the roots to make a rapid growth as soon as the snow was fully gone, were not experienced the present spring, but on the contrary the face of the earth was early uncovered, exposed to cold winds and subjected to alternate freezing and thawing. With these immediate adverse causes the crop has had to contend, and the wonder should be, keeping them in mind, how it looks so well as it does, rather than that it looks no better.

But back of these chief causes are a series of wrong practices and long continued violations of nature's laws, which have done more to cause the present dead and scanty appearance of the grass fields, than many farmers would be willing to admit. Prominent among these are the following, selling off the hay crop year after year; scanty seeding of the fields when laid down to grass; failure to apply top-dressing upon mowing lands; late cutting of the grass crop; over-feeding of mowing fields in autumn, and generally a want of attention and study on the part of the farmer as to the nature, value, demands and importance of the grasses; how to take care of them, and how to receive from them the greatest profit. To these may be added, prehaps, the close cutting of fields by machines; for we are sure great injury is done to Timothy grass by its being cut too close to the ground. These causes have been operating for years in almost all parts of the State, and it is perfectly astonishing that our fields have endured the treatment as long as they have. If our farmers expect profitable results in the future, and hope to go on with their farming operations in Maine, greater care must be given to that crop, the loss of which would sooner produce a famine, than the loss of all the other crops combined—grass.

Although the present anxiety cannot make one spire more or less, and although all the thought we can give the grass crop now cannot affect its yield the present season either one way or another—yet it does seem an opportunity lost if we do not seize the present to impress upon farmers, the vital importance of remedying, in the future management of the grasses, all the existing evils alluded to above, placing stress upon these two:

1. A regular course of top dressing all mowing fields, once in four, or at the outside once in six years must be adopted—breaking up sward land less often than formerly—if our fields are expected to produce their maximum yield.

2. The over-grazing in autumn of such fields as have produced a crop of grass the same summer is one of the most injurious practices connected with the management of the grasses, and should at once be abandoned. It would be better to say that on no account should mowing fields be fall fed, and upon the whole perhaps we better say it, for it is just what we mean, except upon such land as will bear, without injury, to have apart of the after-math cropped.

The copious, frequent and timely rains of the past week, which were quite general throughout the State, will do much to help the crop the present year, where there was anything to start; newly seeded fields—those stocked down a year ago—being, except where they were plowed up or re-seeded the present spring, too far gone to receive much benefit therefrom. At the best the crop cannot be much above one half the quantity secured in average years.

Answers to Inquiries.

The Luna Moth.

(Edwin Farnham.) The large green moth left on our table with the following words: "Found in the field. What is it?" proves to be the Luna moth (*Attacus luna*) which is one of the most beautiful insects to be found in our State. We have specimens of this moth which measure over five inches across the expanded wings. Their wings are of a delicate light green color and the hinder ones are prolonged, forming a tail, as it were, over an inch long. The wings are also margined along the front edge with a purple brown stripe and in the centre of each wing is a transparent eye-like spot resembling a half-moon, which is surrounded by rings of white, red, yellow and black.

This insect in its larvæ or caterpillar form is found in or near deciduous or hard wood trees upon the leaves of which it feeds. It is of a pale green color, striped and crossed with yellow, and when full grown in August, is as thick as a man's thumb and not more than two inches long. It forms its cocoon by drawing together leaves of the tree on which it feeds, by silken threads, changes to a chrysalis within, remains in that form during the winter, coming out winged the next June, and laying its eggs. It is not sufficiently numerous to cause any great damage. Such is a brief history of *Attacus Luna* or the Luna moth.

Barnyard Manure.

(M. T., East Exeter.) We hardly know whether to take your query in sport or in earnest, but of one thing we are certain, the source of your intelligence concerning the use of barnyard manure is incorrect. No fertilizer is so permanent in its effects, and it needs nothing whatever "to prevent its rising and going away in the air." Our "views" of its value were given at length in No. 27 of our present volume.

Flower Gardens—A Local Subject.

A few weeks since parties with quite a collection of pot plants, flowers and shrubs from some of the green houses about Boston, visited this city and remained two or three days making sales. Their stock was in fine condition, embracing old and well known favorites among house plants, together with some novelties, and during their stay here their temporary green house was visited by large numbers who seemed to admire the very attractive display. But one of the gentlemen informed us that their sales had been very light; much less than at any other place of equal size they had visited in the State. He said to us that he had made a similar remark to a lady who purchased quite a number of pots, and her reply was that she "didn't see how he had sold as much as he had, there were so many fine gardens and so many conservatories in the city." We think the lady must have been a new come here, and entirely unacquainted with our city and its inhabitants. For if the truth must be told, there is less attention paid to the cultivation of flowers, there are fewer "fine gardens" and less conservatories in this city than in any place of its extent in Maine, perhaps in New England. And yet we do not know a city of its size where there are more favored situations for gardens—plenty of room and good soil adjoining pleasant streets—or where the citizens generally have more means for the gratification of this taste, than among us. But the taste is wanting. We are willing to match our city against Portland, or Bangor, or Lewiston for the wealth and enterprise of its men, or the fine culture of its women—but when we come to gardens, the beautifying of grounds and the exhibition of an appreciation of the beautiful in nature, we must take a low place by the side of either. The gardens of Portland are among the most famous in Maine, and it will be a long time before any elsewhere can equal those of Hon. J. B. Brown at Bramhall Hill, of Hon. T. C. Hersey, of Dr. J. B. Coyle, and many others in the city and its vicinity. It has a vigorous local society which has exerted great influence upon horticulture and floral taste in the city, and whose annual exhibitions have not been much behind those of larger places in New England in extent and variety. Bangor is a city of "fine gardens and conservatories"—in fact, a taste for floriculture seems to be more general there than in any other place in the State—due, as above, in a great degree, to the energetic workings of the Bangor Horticulture Society, the oldest organization of its kind in the State. There are nearly fifty glass structures in the city, while among the most attractive gardens are those of Mrs. Sidney Thaxter, Mrs. Benjamin Plummer, Mrs. Chapin Humphrey, Mrs. Isaiah Stetson, Mrs. Albert Emerson, Mrs. Silas Alden, Mrs. G. R. Jewett, Mrs. William S. Whitman, Miss E. N. Eaton, Mrs. Isaac S. Whitman, Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Dr. J. C. Weston, Mr. Albert Noyes, Mr. Benj. A. Burr, besides a host of others of a "smaller growth." Lewiston, although a new city, has already several beautiful gardens, and no lover of flowers should leave the place until they have paid a visit to the well-kept garden, and well stocked green house of Mrs. Geo. W. Garcelon. There are other places of less size that have quite celebrated gardens, but we do not mention them because our comparison is with cities nearer our own in population.

We are somewhat mortified that no more can be said of the gardens of Augusta. It is true that a great many people cultivate flowers, as the pots in many windows and the little borders along walks will testify—but when we look for gardens that will at all compare with those mentioned, we must admit that they cannot be seen here. Indeed, there is but one flower garden in our city that deserves the name, although we do not forget there are a dozen or more who cultivate flowers somewhat extensively. And when we have mentioned the small conservatories of the Misses Eaton, Mrs. A. B. Farwell, Mrs. Thomas Lambard, and Mrs. Daniel Williams, we believe we have named all that our city can boast—bay-windows and vestibules not being regarded as coming under this head. We are also ashamed of the fact that the Kennebec Horticultural Society—incorporated with a view of holding annual floral and horticultural exhibitions in this city, Hallowell and Gardiner, alternately—has failed to keep up its organization, and that its first efforts to hold a fair met with no encouragement whatever.

These thing show a very low state of floral taste and floral culture in our city—a city that ought to take the first rank in our State for its "fine gardens and conservatories." The more such there are in a place, the more plants and shrubs may be sold in it. And that these flower venders—who had a really good lot of desirable things—did not sell more, is a better evidence of the little interest taken in flower growing by our citizens, than any other fact we have named.

American Pomological Society.

The next—thirteenth—session of this Association will be held in Richmond, Va., Sept. 6th, 7th and 8th, 1871. All Horticultural, Pomological, Agricultural, and other kindred institutions in the United States and British Provinces, are invited to send delegations, as large as they may deem expedient; and all other persons interested in the cultivation of fruits are invited to be present and take seats in the Convention.

The coming session promises to be especially interesting, held as it will be in conjunction with the exhibition of the Virginia Pomological and Horticultural Society, and at a great central point, farther South than any previous session of the institution. This meeting will, therefore, it is believed, be one of the most useful, in a national point of view that has ever been held by the Society; thus affording an opportunity not only to examine the fruits of the South in comparison with those of the North, the West and of the Pacific Slope, which it is expected will be freely contributed, but also to foster and perpetuate the amicable and social relations which have heretofore existed between the members of the Society, and to widely diffuse the result of its deliberations for the benefit of our constantly expanding territory.

Members and Delegates are requested to contribute specimens of the fruits of their respective districts, and to communicate in regard to them whatever may aid in promoting the objects of the Society and the science of American Pomology. Each contributor is requested to prepare a complete list of his collection, and to present the same with his fruits, that a report of all the varieties entered may be submitted to the meeting as soon as practicable. Packages of fruits with the name of the contributor, may be addressed as follows: "American Pomological Society," care of H. K. Ellyson, Secretary Virginia Horticultural and Pomological Society, Richmond, Va. All persons desirous of becoming members can remit the admission fee to Thomas P. James, Esq., Treasurer, Philadelphia, who will furnish them with transactions of the Society. Life Membership, ten dollars; Biennial, two dollars. Marshall P. Wilder, President, Boston, Mass., F. R. Elliott, Secretary, Cleveland, Ohio.

Recent Literature.

Handbook for Immigrants.

The American Social Science Association have published, through Messrs. Hurd & Houghton (The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.,) a "Handbook for Immigrants to the United States," forming a neat pamphlet of about one hundred pages. It contains all the information concerning our country, its laws, statistics, wages, currency, postage, weights and measures, means of travelling and cost, which are immigrating from the Old World should know. In addition, an account of each State is given, with the inducements offered to settlers, &c. These statements are full and accurate. The book is accompanied by good maps. Price 50 cents.

First Book of Botany.

A new and somewhat enlarged edition of Miss Youman's First Book of Botany (D. Appleton & Co,, New York) has been published, forming a manual of 200 pages very fully and clearly illustrated. It is designed to cultivate the observing powers of children, and lays the foundation of the science of botany in the only way it can be properly done, by providing for the direct and constant study of plants themselves. By its use the powers of observation, comparison and judgment are properly cultivated, and the book cannot be too highly prized for home or school study.

The Young Mechanic.

This is one of the most useful books that has come to our knowledge for a long time, and its study will do more towards giving boys and young men a correct knowledge of the use of tools and the principles of mechanical construction than any book we have ever seen. It explains every mechanical term, tells how to use all kinds of tools, how to make various articles in common use, as boxes, tables, drawers &c., how construct steam engines and mechanical models, and also gives instruction in turning wood and metal. Intelligent diagrams and illustrative engravings explain the text, which is in itself very plain and interesting. It is just the book for parents to put into the hands of boys of a mechanical turn of mind, and its careful study will lay the foundation for a thorough knowledge of the principles of construction. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. For sale in this city by J. Frank Pierce.)

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

On Co-operation in Agriculture.

Suggestions to Farmers' Clubs.

When co-operation in farming is suggested, as an experiment by which farming may be economised, I am well aware it is received generally as though the thing was wholly impracticable; and it were but the idle dream of a theorist. It is as though there was something unwholesome in the term; and people perhaps have thought of communism, and of systems of society foreshadowed, radically different from our own. But there is no need of this—no need of persons approaching the subject with prejudice. That more co-operation among farmers would be well, and tend greatly to increased prosperity among them, and render the business more pleasing, there can, I think, be little doubt; while on the other hand, it could be carried to such an extent as to be impracticable, and eminently foolish. While co-operation has its advantages, individualism is to be highly prized. Yet there may be found a happy mean that is preferable to either—either as found in Shaker communities, or in the farmer who like the oyster, lives in a shell, shut up in his own selfish individuality. This principle contains germs of a fruit that will come to form and ripen. In manufacturing enterprises, and in most that require capital, there is witnessed associations of persons and of means to a given end. The farmer, let him look out any way he will, upon the busy world around, will find men combined and working in a certain fellowship, like so many swarms of bees. If he buys a ticket upon the railroad, or a yard of linen, he is buying of hundreds and thousands, through an agent or agencies. In very many employments, if I may use the expression, men are swarming up to their labor under leadership—not coming to it alone, independent and disregardful of others. The Crispins are attempting to do in the shoe trade what capital is constantly doing for itself—seeking strength through the amassing of individual labor or means. What is now being attempted in Maine with railroads (the farmers should have advice in railway management, or the management will unreasonably tax them) the placing of all under one board of direction illustrates the tendency of capital. The introduction of machinery has strengthened capital and has hastened the era of associated effort. In manufacturing, in trades, in shops, where numbers of persons are within speaking speaking and hearing distance—or where they congregate of evenings—the advantages of some degree of association, either on part of workmen or of employers, is so apparent as to be readily appreciated. Outside of the village or city, where men pursue their business, isolated from other men, as it is presumed does the farmer from necessity, any co-operation of such for common and mutual advantage is exceptional, and the feasibility of co-operative effort among them is less apparent. In town government, in school, in church affairs, there is co-operation of all persons for the advantage of each and all. This, however, does not extend, as analogy would lead us to expect, to affairs of production, of purchase and sale. C. C., in the Farmer of April 22d, informs us that there exists a farmers' club in North Norway that is imbued with a high degree of life. "This club," he says, "buys and sells jointly in quantity, to the great disgust of some middle men." By this system the gains of the store are saved to the community. It would be interesting to hear from a member of the club, an estimate of the gains of the method.

The farmers' clubs that have sprung up, like mushrooms the past winter in Maine, may do useful work, by considering to what extent associated effort is practicable among farmers. Let them divide the subject into two parts—what is practicable *in the nature of things*—to what extent will the present bias of farmers obstruct co-operation, and whether it be practicable to begin the instruction of our youth so as to make them embrace all the advantages of associated effort that the future has in store for them. It seems to me that when men are taught to be less narrowly selfish, and learn from the breadth of their own fields to have breadth of understanding—a matter enlightened agriculture is adapted to teach—the farmers of a district will pursue their business hand in hand, as systematically and as effectively as does the flock of turkeys scour yonder field for grasshoppers. There is no waste of labor here, as they walk upon parallel lines at even distances, and let nothing escape their vigilant eyes. I am happy to know that the co-operative idea, in some parts of agriculture has taken the place of solitary effort, and that some sections offer proof of the excellence of the suggestion. In the cheese factory system co-operation is carried as far as it may be carried, and the cheese dairying men find the disposal of their milk easy and profitable.

The Letting of Tools.

In a section of small farms there should be common ownership, or what is better and more practicable, use in common of tools and implements not in every day or frequent use upon the farm. Observe how many more days a tool could be profitably used in your neighborhood than it is now used. If the system of borrowing is unknown among you, the more important tools and implements go back to the tool house, after a very few days of use, and remain there idle for months. By the adoption of a practice of letting, the usefulness of these will be extended. The livery stables supply the village with conveniences for riding, and to those who ride seldom there is cheapness and convenience over owning horse and outfit. The town library supplies the use of books. Every acre in town should have employed upon it the best implements, that needless labor may be saved, and that the acre may have the best culture and produce a maximum of crop. But if a person have a few acres only, the profit of their cultivation will not warrant the purchase of all useful tools. For the want of such many acres return little profit on cost of cultivation. That the State may be farmed after the best manner, it is necessary that the best implements be brought into universal use. Any person who can accomplish this, does for the cultivator financially what he does for the people mentally, who opens a free public library in town. To accomplish this desirable purpose, let the members of a farmers' club determine that they will loan their tools willingly to suitable persons, when not in use by themselves. The club may determine the price of hire of each tool, and establish such rules and regulations as they deem suitable. This system once introduced, will do away with that other, known as borrowing. To wish to borrow will be confession of unwillingness to pay. By the club fixing prices and conditions of use, there need be no haggling of parties, and by an inflexible rule that no tool is loaned upon other than the conditions established by the club, other than in charity, the odium that might attach to a single person—establishing the system with his own tools alone—will be avoided. To borrow a tool, will no wish to pay for its use, is the same in principle as to borrow the price of the tool, with no wish to pay interest. It is the use of other men's capital free—a man asks the lending of a tool, and is refused, and perhaps calls the tool owner *mean!* on his way home. In fixing a price upon a tool, it will be well to fix it as low as possible—merely to cover depreciation and interest upon cost. If it is fixed much higher than this, persons will not hire. The advantage to the owner of tools will be in their returning him something back upon their cost, aside from his own use of the tool; and the frequency of his being able to purchase new and latest improved tools. The invention of better ones will not find the farmer stocked for years to come with the old patterns. This system of letting tools has been discussed very thoroughly in one farmer's club, and the experiment has been put upon trial in our community. Zelco.

Waushakum Farm, Mass.

For the Maine Farmer.

How I Dissolve Bones.

I noticed in the Farmer several weeks since, a way of dissolving bones, by boiling in a solution of ashes and water one hour. I thought this method worth trying, coming from the source it did, and as I had a quantity of bones (mostly heads from the butcher's) I followed the directions exactly; and I am of the opinion that the gentleman *thought* but did not *test* this new way of pulverizing bones. Perhaps I boiled them too much, as I boiled them three hours instead of one, and might have boiled them till this time and they would have been bones.

Now my method of making bones into manure is this: Take some hard wood planks, put them upon a firm place, throw your bones upon it, then take a sledge or an old axe, and in a short time they can be well broken. Then mix in a tight cask with ashes, and leach with soap suds. About one week before using, I mix a sufficient quantity of good soil to dry the mixture, and apply in the hill, covering slightly with soil before dropping the seed. I find this to be an excellent manure for all kinds of crops, and for turnips I never saw its equal. If any one has a better way than mine I should be glad to see it in the Farmer, as I think a great saving can be made to the farmers, if they will look after such things. If farmers would spend one day each fall and spring in looking after sink-spouts, privies, bones, &c., they would find it paying business.

Denmark. C. B. Smith.

For the Maine Farmer.

National Department of Agriculture.

In the selection of Hon. Horace Capron, for Commissioner of Agriculture, the country has been peculiarly fortunate. Having given much attention to scientific agriculture, and possessing great energy of character, he has been eminently successful in advancing the usefulness of the department, and making it highly beneficial to this leading interest.

Not less than 200,000 monthly and 25,000 bound annual reports are issued annually, and sent to all parts of the country. These reports are replete with the latest and most valuable information on agriculture. The new plan, adopted by the Commissioner, of sending seeds suited to the various soils and climate, and requiring all to whom such have been issued to give them a full trial and report the results to this department, is eminently wise and successful. The extensive foreign correspondence with the leading agricultural societies and colleges in Europe and other parts of the civilized world, is adding largely to the success of this department. The botanical, chemical, meteorological, statistical and etymological branches of this department are conducted by gentlemen of large experience, and by their superior attainments are elevating the interests to which they belong.

There is, perhaps, no department of the government more important than this to the people, and I think I hazard nothing in saying that no department is administered with greater ability, economy or usefulness. The neatness, order and taste shown in the buildings and grounds, certainly makes it the most beautiful and attractive place in Washington.

Washington, D. C. J. C. K.

For the Maine Farmer.

Sowing India Wheat for Fodder.

Last season as the dry weather indicated a short crop of hay, I tried the experiment on a small scale of sowing India wheat, to be cut when in blossom for fodder. Sowing it late, the first of July, and the drouth following, the growth was small, but the experiment convinced me that when a dry summer cuts short the hay crop, good foodder can be obtained in this way, at a trifling expense. I cut and cured the crop the same as hay, and when stored in the barn, the aroma coming from the India wheat hay was as sweet and rich, as if coming from a clover mow. I am sowing a larger piece of ground this season for further trial. What I raised last year was eaten by my cattle as greedily as good hay—the only trouble was, I did not have enough of it.

Your correspondent, David Brown, Hampden, I notice in the last Farmer has given your readers his method of raising corn fodder, which appears to be an excellent and economical way. I shall try his mode next season.

Norridgewock. J. S. Bixby.

For the Maine Farmer.

My Experience in Keeping Pigs.

The first day of Dec. 1860, I bought two pigs four weeks old, and put them into a pen 4 feet by 9; fed them on Indian pudding and milk warm. At the end of eight weeks one of them had what I called a fit. I continued the feed another week, when the same pig had another fit and died. I then gave the remaining pig the liberty of the yard, and changed his feed to dish-water (not very greasy at that), but too late; he had lost the use of his legs, and died in April.

I once sold two pigs four weeks old to a neighbor, reserving two for myself which I preferred. The pigs were all wintered over, and butchered first of second winter following. They were equally fat, and my neighbor's weighed between forty and fifty pounds each more than mine, which I could not account for in any other way than that mine were fed too well and kept in too small quarters while young.

St. Albans. A Subscriber.

For the Maine Farmer.

Lost.

Mr. Mitchell asks, "Did I make, or lose?" Hay here in Knox county has gone like hot cakes at $22, in the barn; and at present can't be bought at any price. The oxen that he recently sold he paid $110 for, $50 worth of meal, and two and a half tons of hay—$55, making the cost $215. Sold them for $160; value of work, $15; manure, $15; receiving $190 for the oxen, and paying $25 for the pleasure of "looking at and tending a very nice pair of oxen.." Toando.

Knox County.

For the Maine Farmer.

Leached Ashes.

Years ago we were laughed at by certain wise heads because we invested in leached ashes. They would stop our team, as we were drawing them from the city, and inquire the price, and whether it paid. What! fifteen cents per bushel for leached ashes! It will never do; and with a wise shrug of the shoulders and a peculiar roll of the eyes, which indicated more than they were willing to express, they passed on, all the time perhaps, reflecting, what fools, what fools! Time also passed on, and the story was told in better crops of grain and better crops of hay.

Hallowell. W. P. Atherton.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Farmers' Convention in Oxford County.

Organization and details of the above meeting at Bryant's Pond, you will doubtless get from other hands. I wish merely to say a word of my impressions while present at the meeting. During two days, June 6 and 7, from one to two hundred practical farmers were present together with a liberal sprinkling of professional men, who, to their credit be it said, took an active part in the discussions of the convention. As an outsider and a Kennebecker I wish to say that I was never in a meeting of more intelligent farmers, or one in which a stronger determination was shown to understand the whys and wherefores of the various systems and practices recommended by different individuals.

A more thorough mixing and perfect pulverization of the soil was earnestly recommended by nearly all the speakers, some taking the ground that therein was the secret of successful farming. The weight of testimony was very decidedly in favor of applying manure to the surface and harrowing in rather than plowing. Our old friend Col. Swett came out with some strong remarks, backed up by statistics, on the importance of clean cultivation, assuming that the weeds in the State of Maine diminished the crops one-fourth.

Interesting discussions were had upon top-dressing of grass lands, care of fruit trees, and surface and underdraining. Wednesday forenoon your correspondent gave them an earnest exhortation on the importance of "Paying as they go," not owing to his extreme delicacy he does not feel free to speak of the matter here.

On my return I saw upon the farm of Col. Swett & Son, the finest young apple trees I have seen for years. The Col. informed me they were "New York" trees. I also saw upon this farm the very best results from underdraining.

I was much interested in a new swivel plow just manufactured by friend Merrill of South Paris, which is soon to be offered to the public, claiming to turn good furrows and pulverize the ground in level fields. I shall watch its progress with interest, for I have looked in vain for a plow that would do it for twenty-five years.

The Norway Paper Manufacturing Company have just commenced turning out their goods at their new mill at Norway Village. By the kindness of one of the proprietors, Mr. Morton, I was shown the manipulations undergone by a load of poplar wood before it is prepared to be spread upon your "new cylinder" or "Hoe." Their mill is situated on the outlet of Pennesawasse pond at Steep Falls. By an ingenious arrangement of shafting and belting the water is used twice in the same building. Their pulp machines are owned exclusively by the company, and are claimed to be of peculiar value. The sample of paper enclosed is 60 per cent poplar and the rest rags.

At the stable of Mr. Woodbury at Norway, I saw a fine car load of horses from the Dominion, bought at prices not calculated to make farmers anxious for a reciprocity treaty.

The grass crop in Oxford county, though anything but flattering, is better than in this vicinity. The apple crop will of course be light after the bountiful harvest of last fall.

T.

From North Kennebec.

The grass fields are looking rather thin; many fields are entirely bare; mostly newly seeded. Some fields will yield a fair crop if we have seasonable rains. The hay crop upon the whole must be less than an average. Grain, and finally all crops are suffering for rain. Farms with us are worked mostly by old men; it is almost impossible to procure reliable young men on the farm. If this state of things continues, many will be obliged to sell their farms and seek other means of support.

Among the improvements in agricultural implements is Sanborn's Independent Spring Tooth Horse Rake, manufactured at North Vassalboro', by C. J. & C. O. Davies. This rake I believe has advantages over any rake that I have ever seen. H. G. Abbott.

North Vassalboro' June 12, 1871.

From Western Kennebec.

The drouth is fearful. The prospect for hay was never poorer. Pastures short, and cows doing comparatively nothing. Corn came up badly on account of the drouth, and much of it is curling up. There is much complaint of both grubs and vine worms. T.

Vienna, June 11.

Knox County Items.

Every one in this section finished planting week before last, with a few exceptions. Seeds came up well, but need rain very much now, as we have had but one light shower for over four weeks. Grass looks very poorly; white weed is headed out very short and thin. Under the most favorable circumstances we can't have more than half a crop. Young cattle are thriving well in the pastures, and cows are giving rich milk. Beef cattle are selling from eight to ten dollars a hundred on foot. Lambs from $3.50 to $4.50; Hay $26 to $30, when you can find any one foolish enough to sell.

Knox County, June 12. Toando.

Sales of Thoroughbred Stock.

We have very recently sold to Anson Hall, Esq. and others of Dixfield, the young thoroughbred Hereford bull "Prince Arthur." Prince Arthur was winner of the second prize in his class at the Maine State Fair last fall, and is own brother to Fanny, (the property of Wm. P. Blake, of West Waterville,) winner of the sweepstakes prize both at the New England and Maine State Fairs in 1870.

Fayette. G. & G. Underwood.

Good Rye.

R. A. Chase, of North Yarmouth, has a specimen of the rye growing in his field which beats that of Mr. Emery by quite a number of inches. June 2d he measured a stalk which was four feet eleven inches high; and June 11th one measuring six feet one inch.

A Subscriber.

Arrival of Jerseys.

I learn that Mr. J. H. Gilbreth of Kendall's Mills, has just added three valuable animals to his already choice herd of Jersey stock. Among them are "Creampot Boy," a thoroughbred bull; "Creampot," and a cow eight years old, raised by the late Samuel Henshaw, which at five years of age produced twenty pounds of butter in the month of June.

From Hancock County.

Rain is much needed here just now, and unless the clouds discount speedily and furnish the requisite moisture, the hay and other crops will suffer in consequence. V. D.

Bluehill, June 6th.

Franklin County Fair.

The Franklin County Annual Show and Fair will be held at their grounds in Farmington, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 4th and 5th, 1871. F.

Farmington.

Woman's Department.

From our Correspondents.

Making Wall Baskets.

I noticed an inquiry in the Farmer of May 27th, for information about making wall baskets, which I will try to answer.

In the first place remove from the skirt all the springs on which the covering is not worn. For the bottom, cut nine pieces seventeen inches in length, and then form each piece into a double loop by fastening the ends together with strong thread, allowing each end to lap half an inch and bringing the thread around the opposite side of the hoop thus formed, and fasten securely. Then place them side by side and fasten them together with thread. Then for the sides, commence at the corner with a double loop formed of a strand fifteen inches in length; then one seventeen, and so on, adding two inches to each one up to twenty-three, and then back again to fifteen. For the ends, commence with one fifteen, and add two inches up to twenty-three, and then back to fifteen. Fasten these all together the same as the bottom, and then join them to the bottom by the points of the loops.

To form the handle, fasten two twenty-one inch loops to the two twenty-one inch loops of one side, and on each side of these a nineteen-inch one, and about these two seventeen-inch ones, and about that a fifteen-inch one. Then fasten together three or four fifteen-inch ones by looping one point through the other, and fasten these from the fifteen inch one to the twenty-three inch one of the opposite side. Then with a small brush paint the basket either red, green or brown, and when dry varnish it and dry again. Then take a sheet of gold-leaf paper and cut in small pieces and paste or glue it around the places where the strands are joined. One skirt will make a basket if not much worn, and one-fourth of a sheet of gold leaf paper is sufficient for one basket. Mrs. . W. G.

Hallowell.

Picture Frames.

Putty frames are made by molding putty into form upon a plain frame. It can be moulded with a knife or small stick into flowers, leaves, or whatever design is wished, and will adhere to the frame without glue. Putty should be dry and moistened with spirits of turpentine, otherwise it will be too oily. Whiting may however be used to absorb the oil if necessary. Lay away to dry for a week or more before painting and varnishing.

Small pictures like magazine engravings may be framed in this way. Take glass a little larger than the picture, so as to show a white margin all round; take stiff pasteboard or old paper box the size of your glass. Lay down the pasteboard, place the picture upon it and the glass on the face of the picture. Bind the edges of all with strips of fancy paper, blue or gilt, or black with a band of gilt inside, joining as neatly as possible at the corners. The paper is put on with paste. Then on the back about two inches from the top and one inch from each side paste little loops of tape, paste a piece of cloth over them to make them firm. Lay away until thoroughly dried, then put a cord through the loops and hang up your picture.

I hope if your Penn. correspondent who has made putty frames, knows anything additional about their manufacture, or any better way, she will inform us through the Woman's Department.

Hints about Collars.

To keep lace collars white and clean without washing, roll them around a piece of magnesia when not in use.

Spool Cotton for Carpet Warps.

I have noticed several times in the Woman's Department hints on making rag carpets, but none have mentioned thread warp. We use No. 8 spool cotton, and think it much nicer, equally as durable, as well as cheaper than the yarn. One dozen spools will warp five yards, and costs forty-five cents. It also saves us the trouble of preparing, the weaver of spooling. Ladies try it.

May H. Woods.

Fillmore, Alleghany Co., N. Y.

A Flower Garden in the School Yard.

As I took the paper this morning, my whole soul went out in response to the article under the caption of "Children at School." I have long felt that the little ones of our land needed a reformation of a mighty reform in this direction; and though I have often spoken and written on this subject, I have felt that the wheel of reform turned slowly in this direction. Is it not strange that parents and guardians, those that have the care of children and are so zealous for their welfare, are so slow to realize that God has made them to find ease, comfort, health, vitality and a noble development by constant exercise, and that they should so long allow in force a system that should prove so deleterious in every sense of the word, to those whom they love as themselves.

I have often thought what an amount of pleasure would be derived to a school by the establishment of a flower garden in connection with the school yard, where every one could have a lot set apart for himself, numbered, and where each one could go to beautify and adorn them as soon as they get through with their lessons, or as soon as they had acquired a lesson. It would help to rid them of that part of the present system which is rightly termed the "ache part" by Mr. Stetson, and thereby render our schools more attractive to the pupils. It would also do away with those painful feelings that arise in my mind when my little son turns to me and says, "Mother, can not I weed the garden, whitewash the fence, work in the field or do anything, if you will let me stay from school?" A. A. Wells.

Kennebunk.

To Use Pieces of Dry Bread.

Many that have small families generally have some bread that gets dried up so that it cannot be eaten with a very good relish. My way of using it is to soak it in cold water until perfectly soft, then drain the water all off, and mash with the spoon till soft; then to a quart of bread add two eggs, beat well together, then add one cup of sweet milk, one cup of sifted flour, stir all together, and fry. Serve with butter, sugar and nutmeg. They are very nice. Try it, ladies, and if you have as good success as I do, my word for it, you will never lose any dry bread. A. F. K.

Flower Queries.

Last spring (I mean a year ago the present spring) I had a double Petunia which bloomed profusely the entire summer. The flowers were dark purple and white, variegated. On putting it into the house in the fall I cut it back, and this season it is blossoming, but the flowers are entirely purple. Can any of your readers tell me the cause of this? How are Ivies propagated? A. N. N.

Cookies without Milk.

1 cup of sugar and 1 egg beaten together; then add 1 cup of water, ½ cup of warmed butter or lard, a little salt, sift 1 teaspoon cream tartar, and ½ teaspoon saleratus, with the flour; cut, and bake in a moderate oven. Mrs. R. G. Bennett.

Augusta.

Farmer's Wives.

The reading of essays by the ladies is one of the exercises which give life and interest to the meetings of the Springfield (Vt.) Farmers' Club. From one of the essays by Mrs. Daniel Rice, published in the *Vermont Farmer*, we copy the following paragraph:

"Did you ever think of the amount of thought requisite to plan three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in succession? To prepare enough and not too much, and for those living at a distance from the village, to remember that the stock of flour, sugar, tea, etc., is replenished in due time? Do you ever think of the multitude of her cares and duties? She must rise early to prepare breakfast or oversee it. Perhaps there are children to wash, dress and feed, or to get ready for school with their dinners. There is baking, sweeping, dusting, making beds, lunch for the men, may be—dinner, supper to be made ready at the proper time—the washing, starching, folding and ironing of clothes—the care of milk, including the making of butter and cheese—and the inevitable washing of dishes. In autumn there is an additional work of picking, preserving, canning of fruit, drying apples, boiling cider, making apple sauce, with the still more unpleasant task which falls to her lot in butchering time. Then there is haying harvesting, sheep-shearing, etc., when more help is needed, bringing an increase of her labors. Twice a year comes house-cleaning. By the way, of all the foes a housekeeper has to contend with, dirt is the greatest. She may gain a complete victory, and think to repose upon her laurels after her semi-annual engagements—but it is only temporary. The enemy soon returns, and even daily skirmishing does not keep it at bay. There is the mending, too. Sewing machines are a great blessings, but they can't set in a patch or darn the stockings. I don't mention these things by way of complaining of woman's lot in general, or asking for her any rights which she does not possess. I don't know as there is any remedy in the present state of the world. It seems to be one of the evils of life which must be borne as we bear other ills—but what I do ask is a due appreciation of the important part that woman acts, and a concession that her labors, mental and physical, are as great, all things considered, as those of the other sex. Women are not so childish that a little sympathy now and then, or acknowledgement of their efforts and sacrifices make them imagine their case worse than it is. I tell you, men and husbands, "it doeth good like a medicine," and many a poor, crushed, broken-down wife and mother is dying for want of it."

Lemon Cake.

One cup of butter, warmed; three of powdered sugar; five eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in one cup of milk; four cups of sifted flour; grated peel of one lemon. Add the juice just before putting the cake into pans.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Potato Bug in the West.

The Detroit (Mich.) *Post* of May 30, contains the following reference to a scourge now felt at the West, but which seems to be making its way surely eastward:

The potato bugs, from the ravages of which the western part of the State suffered so much last year, have made their appearance in this vicinity in overwhelming numbers. They come into our gardens, and even into our houses, and swarm upon our sidewalks to be crushed by the feet of pedestrians. A gentleman from Grosse Point reports that they seem to be quite as much at home on the water as upon the land, and that the surface of the lake is literally alive with them, as it often is with the June flies which so swarm about our street lamps on warm summer evenings. He says that the potato bugs often fly a considerable, distance, and that they float easily on the surface of the water. They are evidently bound to make a raid on Canada, and it will prove more disastrous than any Fenian raid has ever been. The curious instinct which prompts them to travel eastward does not find itself thwarted by wide bodies of water, for they float across, and resume their journey on the other side. It would be interesting to know for what great purpose these bugs started out on their trip from the Rocky Mountains eastward, and why they have been so frightfully prolific on the way. It now seems probable that the potato crop in Michigan will prove an entire failure this year.

Birds, the Farmer's Friends.

A correspondent of the North of England *Farmer* thus speaks of those who deride the benefits of birds and speak only of the evils they do: "They do not weigh the good against the bad in the condemnation they pronounce upon the little servants who wait so assiduously upon them. If a rook steal their potatoes—which a very little care and oversight would prevent—they instantly forget how busy he has been all the year round pursuing the far more deadly enemies lying at the roots of their crops, and think only how best they may pay him off with shot and steel traps. They forget how in the gloomy November days, he perseveringly followed the plow as it turned up the grubs and larvæ of noxious insects. Then it was who to be first among these wise creatures in getting near the team, and so securing the fat and oily grubs of the destructive cock-chaffer and his compeers.. There are would-be-wise people among us who say, "Why, they are only birds. We cannot attend to them except to destroy them. Let us plow, and sow, and reap, and market our produce, and leave trifles like these alone." Ah! but they are not trifles. These are active, industrious helpers of the intelligent agriculturist. Many a bright pound finds its way into his pocket which, but for their unrequited labor,

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 24, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of subscription.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money's remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

M. V. DARLING will canvas Piscataquis County during the months of May and June.

Mr. EDWIN G. BRIMMER will call upon our subscribers in Hancock during the month of June.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call on our subscribers in Sagadahoc County during June and July.

Is Massachusetts going Backward?

We read recently in the *Nation* an article on the social and industrial condition of Massachusetts that excited our great surprise. From the Report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau the *Nation* draws, or professes to draw, conclusions somewhat as follows: that the contest between labor and capital becomes constantly more bitter, and that the advantage is with capital; that laborers in factories of various kinds are growing poorer and less intelligent, and consequently less able to resist oppression by their employers; that, in short, this class of laborers is sinking into a sort of slavery. Agricultural industry the *Nation* finds to be in a state of "rapid decay."

"Increased nominal value of land, higher rents, fewer farms occupied by owners; diminished product, general decline of prosperity, lower wages; a more ignorant population, increasing number of women employed at hard out-door labor (surest sign of a declining civilization) and steady deterioration in the style of farming—these are the conditions described by a cumulative mass of evidence that is perfectly irresistible, that is unfortunately only too strongly confirmed by such details of census statistics as have so far been made public,"

While we are wondering at the desperate condition of affairs thus pictured in the State to which we have been looking as a model for our steadfast imitation, the Boston *Advertiser* comes to hand with an article entitled "A Libel Answered," in which it seeks to disprove the assertions and inferences of the *Nation* with reference to agriculture. The *Advertiser* shows, or professes to show, that the statements quoted above about "diminished product and lower wages" are not true; that "increased nominal value of land and higher rents, and the increased employment of women at out-door work" are not evidences of declining prosperity, and that the other statements are either exaggerations or misrepresentations. And, indeed, a close examination of the argument relieves us from the apprehension that the agriculture of Massachusetts is gone quite to the bad.

But the condition of the industries where capital figures, about which the *Advertiser* has nothing to say, seems to be really very unsatisfactory. We have only to recall the many strikes that have occurred during the last few years to assure ourselves of the existence among the laborers of a deep discontent that can hardly be groundless. Times have changed since the Lowell factory girls published a periodical composed of matter written by themselves, the *Lowell Offering*, whereof Charles Dickens said that he carried away with him a large volume and read it with delight. What with the fall in the relative price of the products of the cotton mills, and with foreign immigration, the quality of the force employed in those and similar factories has declined. In many kinds of manufacturing industry the operatives are fearfully overworked. The amassing of fortunes by the capitalists is accomplished only at a heavy expenditure of the life and happiness of the people. This is the dark side of manufactures. The remedy is not easy to point out. Perhaps these evils must be simply endured until the steady amelioration of the condition of labor, which is going on through the invention of labor-saving machinery and other means, shall work out their cure.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS POLITICIAN. Last Saturday morning died a man who promised to exert more influence upon the politics of the country during the next two years than any one who is left behind. Although his extreme course during the war with the South cost him the majority by which he had been sent to Congress, and gave him an overwhelming defeat when running for the office of Governor of Ohio, Vallandigham was still, as a manager and counsellor, the strongest man in his party. He possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities requisite in a popular leader, and few men have ever excited among their followers such ardent devotion as he. His political views were extreme, and his bitter hostility to the national cause during the war cannot be justified by any one who believes in the justice of that cause; but his honesty and integrity were above suspicion. Let that be set down to the credit of the man who has borne the burden of so many Northern curses.

Had Vallandigham lived, he would have been, probably, the master spirit of the Democracy in the approaching presidential campaign. He was the prime mover in the "new departure" of the Ohio democrats. In contending for its ideas he would either have strengthened his party by establishing it on a new basis, and reinforcing it with discontented republicans, or he would have hopelessly divided it. Which result would have followed from the new movement may be in doubt; yet the loss of his powerful hand at the wheel will be seriously felt, and may cause an entire change in the democratic programme.

☞Dr. Calvin Seavey of Bangor, in an address before the Maine Medical Society, whose annual meeting was held in Portland last week, made a savage onslaught upon the system of Homœopathy, its professors and practitioners, calling the former a humbug, and the latter impostors and quacks. We make the following elegant extract from the published report of the address:

"A certain insect springs in the morning out of the muck-heap, and about 4 o'clock his head is gray, and at sunset he is dead. The Homœopaths have had almost their day. It is four o'clock with them, and their sun will soon set."

The statement of the following facts in regard to the progress and present condition of the Homœopathic school of medicine in this country will be a sufficient reply to the above. In 1844 there were in all the United States about one hundred Homœopathic physicians. In 1871 there are nine colleges, twenty-one journals, twenty State Societies, fifty-two local societies, eight hospitals, twenty-eight dispensaries and five thousand physicians. In the language of the writer from whom we obtain these statistics, "If it is 'four o'clock' with the system, it must be four in the morning."

☞The leading article in the approaching (July) number of the *North American Review*, on "Minority Representation," is from the pen of Mr. Edward Stanwood, formerly of this city, now on the staff of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. The *Review* being the highest literary and critical authority in the United States, this distinction to so young a writer is a high acknowledgement of his ability.

☞Mr. J. H. Gilbreth will hold his first public sale of Knox colts and Jersey heifers at his stables at Kendall's Mills on Saturday, July 1st, commencing at 11 o'clock. See his advertisement in the *Boston Journal* or *Spirit of the Times*, or send for a circular.

☞Seven persons were baptised on Sunday, (11th inst.) by Rev. J. E. Mills, pastor of the Free Baptist church in Vassalboro', and united to the church with three others by letter.

THE SEASON AND CROPS. The severe drouth experienced during the last month has been succeeded by copious rains, which have sent new life into the growing crops and new hope into the farmer's heart. Up to our present writing rain has fallen nine days in succession, in this locality, and from our correspondents we learn they have been general throughout the State. The grain crops, corn and potatoes did not suffer from the dry weather as they would had it occurred later in the season, and are looking as well as the average of years; grass will be light, especially on old fields, but the late rains have improved it wonderfully, and where a good catch was obtained on new land, it is as good as last year. A gentleman from the extreme eastern part of this county informed us a day or two since that he could on a great many old fields follow the swarths of last year, and this too the 20th of June! Fruit is not giving promise of a large yield, which was not however expected after the unusually heavy crop of last year. We present the following notes concerning the crops from our correspondents:

Carmel, June, 19th. The recent rains have put the farmers in better humor, and the grain and grass prospect is more hopeful. Money invested last year in grass seed pays small dividends.

Hallowell, June, 11th. We are having delightful weather now, with frequent and copious showers. Potatoes never came better; they will now grow fast. Wheat is looking finely. These rains have put new life into the grass, we may cut some hay yet.

Burlington. The grass crop in northern Penobscot, as far as I can judge, will not be more than half what it was last year, and it was very light then. Farmers must sow fodder corn or turnips to make up for the deficiency, as the hay crop will be the lightest one within the memory of the oldest settlers here. On my farm where within a few years I have cut fifty tons of hay, I shall not get more than fifteen tons. Hon. B. P. Gilman of Orono cut eighty tons of hay three years ago, and does not expect to get more than twenty tons this year.

East Vassalboro', June 19th. The crops are rather late, but doing well since the rain. As stated in the last FARMER the insects are unusually abundant this season, and the dry weather has favored their depredations on vegetation. Young grasshoppers are already numerous and active. Fruit trees are growing rapidly, and all sprouts, suckers and surplus branches or such growth as may need removing should be taken off now. Trees which were grafted last spring should be closely watched, that the sprouts do not overpower the scions.

Pittston, June 19th. Grass light and thin, but looking better since the rain. Corn and potatoes doing well.

THE WOOLDRIDGE CADETS. This company, after enjoying the hospitalities of the Bangor people on Tuesday, arrived in this city, as we stated in our last, in the afternoon train of Wednesday, and were taken in charge by the Capital Guards, by whom they were escorted to their quarters at the Augusta House. At 6 o'clock a dress parade was held on the Base Ball Grounds, and in the evening the two companies sat down to an elegant dinner served in Major Baker's best style. A large number of invited guests were also present, numbering some of our leading citizens, and some very pleasant speech-making was indulged in, with excellent music by the Lynn Band, which accompanied the excursionists.

Owing to the unfavorable weather of Thursday, the programme for the day was not fully carried out, but the visitors enjoyed themselves in various ways, receiving polite attentions from their military brethren and our citizens generally, and visiting the several places of interest in the city and vicinity. In the evening a complimentary ball was given by the Guards to their guests, at Granite Hall.

On Friday morning the Cadets, escorted by the Capital Guards, visited the Arsenal by invitation of Major Whitman the commandant, and after giving the institution a thorough inspection, and going through several military evolutions upon the parade ground, marched to the depot, whence they soon after took their departure for home. Everything connected with the visit of our Lynn friends to Augusta passed off very pleasantly and to the credit of all concerned in their reception and entertainment. The Cadets are a fine looking body of men, and their correct and soldierly bearing during their brief stay among us did much to disarm the prejudice which, with perhaps too much reason, exists against holiday soldiering in this community. The appearance and conduct of the Capital Guards, under their excellent commander Lt. Ware, were especially worthy of commendation.

☞The Messrs. Sprague are vigorously prosecuting operations at the dam this summer on the west side of the river. The old factory is running with a full complement of operatives, under the efficient superintendency of Capt. N. W. Cole, and the new mill is rapidly going up, the masons having already reached the fourth story. It will probably be covered during the month of July. The ground is being prepared for the foundations of a stone building 100 by 50 for the manufacture of gas for lighting and the generation of steam for warming the mills. The work going on upon the river and canal walls is of the most thorough and substantial character.

On the east side of the river the improvements are no less noticeable and important. The lock and canal walls have been thoroughly repaired and extended, and the saw mill rebuilt and enlarged with machinery of new construction. The building is now about 100 feet square, and fitted with gang and circular saws, planer, edger, shingle, clapboard, stave and lathe machines, &c. Work will probably commence in it some time in July. It will afford direct employment for about seventy-five men.

☞The extensive vegetable garden of Col. DeWitt on Court street, is a model of clean culture and skilful husbandry. Not a weed is allowed to obtrude its unwelcome head from the ground, and the constant stirring which the soil receives gives vegetation no excuse for backwardness or unfruitfulness. Everything in his garden gives evidence of wise and vigilant cultivation, and the results, of course, are manifest in healthy and vigorously growing crops. It would be well if our professional gardeners should take useful lessons of an amateur in this respect, and profit by them.

☞The Augusta Trotting Park, under the management of the proprietor, Mr. W. M. Thayer of the Mansion House, will be opened on Monday and Tuesday, July 3d and 4th. Four purses are offered for competition, as follows: On Monday, July 3d, a purse of $75 for gentlemen's driving horses and a 2.55 purse of $100, and on Tuesday, the 4th, a 3 minute purse of $100 and a 2.50 purse of $150. The purses are open to all horses owned in Maine, the trotting to be under the Fashion rules. Entries to close on Friday, June 30th, at 9 o'clock P. M. The railroads will carry for the races at half fare.

☞The order of Gov. Chamberlain in January last, under which the Capital Guards of this city were put on probation, on account of alleged unsoldierlike conduct, while on an excursion to Portland, has been rescinded by Gov. Perham, and the company, under the command of First Lieutenant Wm. H. H. Ware, now assumes its former honorable position among the troops of the State.

☞The Gilbreth colt "Honest John" has just been sold for $2,000 by Rodney Jones of Fairfield, to Messrs. Smith & Jones of Oldtown, former owners of "American Boy."

☞We enjoyed the unusually early luxury of a generous mess of green peas from our own garden on Friday last, 16th inst. The peas were planted on the 3d of April.

☞The Portland *Press* states that the Athletic Base Ball club of East Boston will visit that city July 4th, and will play the Dirigos of this city, the champion junior club of the State.

GREELEY IN THE SOUTH. Horace Greeley, of the New York *Tribune*, has been to Texas and delivered an address before an agricultural society there, and made a number of speeches to mixed audiences by the way. In recounting his experience, in a speech made in New York since his return, Mr. Greeley alludes to the time when, in 1860 and 1861 the *Tribune* correspondents in the South were obliged studiously to conceal their occupation, and to address their letters to private parties, lest addressing the *Tribune* openly might cost them their lives; and to his own experience in endeavoring to respond to an invitation to deliver a literary lecture before a literary society in St. Louis that same winter, when he was warned away from the city while yet a hundred miles distant, and compelled to return to the North—simply because he was editor of the *Tribune*, and therefore obnoxious to certain classes in St. Louis. It is cheering to know that now this representative man can travel through the whole length of the South and speak his sentiments freely without molestation.

Mr. Greeley found that between the "carpet-baggers" and the "Ku Klux" are realities. The former he describes as follows: "The thieving carpet-baggers are a mournful fact. They are the fellows who crawled down South in the rear of our armies, generally a very safe distance in the rear; some of them on sutlers' wagons, some bearing cotton permits, some of them looking sharply to see what might turn up, and they remain there. They at once ingratiate themselves with the blacks. • • • And there they stand, right in the public eye, stealing and plundering, many of them with both arms around negroes, and their hands in their rear pockets, seeing if they cannot pick a paltry dollar out of them; and the public looks at them, does not regard the honest Northern man, but calls every 'carpet-bagger' a thief, which is not the truth by a good deal."

The Ku Klux Mr. Greeley blames principally for their cowardly assaults upon innocent blacks and other defenceless parties, instead of "going for" the thieving carpet-baggers.

DECORATION OF SOLDIER'S GRAVES. The patriotic ceremony of decorating with flowers the graves of soldiers in the several cemeteries of this city, will be observed on Saturday afternoon next, under the management of the Capital Guards.

Hon. Joseph T. Woodward has been appointed President of the day. Gen. Jas. A. Hall of Damariscotta, will pronounce the oration, and poem will be delivered by Mr. H. S. Webster of this city. Col. H. A. DeWitt will act as Chief Marshal for the occasion.

A procession will be formed in the following order: 1. Band; 2. Capital Guards—Escort; 3. President of the Day, Orator and Poet; 4. Artillery from the U. S. Arsenal; 5. Officers and Ex-officers of the Army; 6. Officers of the City and State Governments; 7. Fire Department; 8. High School; 9. Grammar School; 10. Young Ladies of Augusta; 11. Students at St. Catharine's Hall; 12. Surviving Soldiers of the War; 13. Citizens generally; 14. Carriages.

The procession will start from the armory of the Guards (Meonian Hall) at one o'clock P. M., and march direct to Riverside cemetery. After services there, return over the river and and march by the most direct route to Mt. Pleasant cemetery, where the services will be held. The Guards will fire three rounds at the cemetery.

The following Committee of ladies has been appointed to procure flowers for the decoration of the graves:

East side of the river—Mrs. Daniel Williams, Mrs. Major J. M. Whittemore. Mrs. Lieut. Ware, Miss Abbie Cony, Miss Ida Caldwell, Estelle Little, Miss Emma Safford, Miss Issie Percival, Miss Minnie Woart, Miss Hannah Patterson, Mrs. Edwards.

West side of the river. Mrs. Thos. Lambard, Mrs. Thomas S Lang, Mrs. Gen. B. F. Harris, Mrs. Col. H. S. Osgood, Mrs. Col. J. M. Haynes, Mrs. Col. H. A. DeWitt, Mrs. Capt. E. F. Wyman, Mrs. Capt. N. W. Cole, Mrs. Lieut. E. S. Soule, Mrs. Gen. H. Boynton, Mrs. Capt. J. H. Butler, Mrs. Capt. P. M. Fogler, Mrs. Dr. Geo. E. Brickett, Mrs. H. M. Pishon, Mrs. C. B. Morton, Mrs. A. L. Smith, Mrs. Dr. L. J. Crooker, Mrs. Howard Owen, Mrs. Capt. C. E. Nash, Mrs. Benj. Davis, Miss Fannie Baker, Miss Fannie Anthony, Miss Lottie Wyman, Miss Anna P. Ladd, Miss Georgie Carpenter, Miss Lizzie Morse, Miss Annie Ricker, Miss Mary Cushing, Miss Abbie Turner, Mrs. Otis G. Turner.

The citizens of Augusta are earnestly requested to co-operate with the committee and furnish flowers for this occasion. Flowers may be given to any one of the committee, or left at either Meonian or Eureka Hall, where provision will be made for their preservation. Friends of soldiers buried in the cemeteries will please mark their graves with a flag.

FATAL ACCIDENT. We learn from the *Journal* that on Friday last, while Mr. Omar N. Taylor of Vassalboro' was engaged in felling some hemlock trees, on his place in the town of Sidney, one of them struck a dead limb of considerable size which quickly snapped and fell, striking Mr. Taylor in the face. He was taken up senseless and carried to his home. Drs. Hill of Augusta, Thayer and Crosby of Waterville were in attendance. At first it was thought that the wound was not fatal, but it was afterwards evident that the base of his skull was broken. He died Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. He was a man in the middle age of life, a well to do farmer and leaves a wife, but no children.

A correspondent of the *Journal* in giving further particulars of the sad accident, says:

Mr. Taylor belonged to the M. E. Church of Winslow and Vassalboro' and had many friends. He was active in the Church and Sabbath School, a good singer, the leader of the choir, and the church and neighborhood are in mourning.

At the last Sabbath evening prayer meeting before his death, he spoke with unusual earnestness of the brevity of life and of being faithful to the end, no doubt little thinking it would be his last exhortation. The evening before he went to his work early in the morning, he with his wife, sang "Shall we gather at the river?"

His funeral, attended by many friends, took place at the Methodist church in Winslow on Tuesday afternoon last.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS. By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen, that on Tuesday, June 27th, the great Stone & Murray Circus will exhibit here. We have, in past years, often visited this famous circus, and never have we come away disappointed. They have always given us a first class show, and what is exceedingly rare, have ever fully and faithfully carried out their advertised programme. The public may be assured that whatever the management announces will appear. We learn that wherever they have been this season, they have given the greatest satisfaction. In connection with a large number of the brightest stars in the American galaxy, are representatives from English and European arenas, and we are confidently informed that the company this year is superior to any ever brought out by Stone & Murray. Previous to the exhibition in the pavilion are a free, grand and thrilling balloon ascension, and a walk on a slender wire from the ground to the top of the center pole and back by a lady. Remember the day and date, Thursday, June 27th.

INDIAN CAPTIVES. Advices from Fort Leavenworth from the border of Texas state that a scouting party of troops south of Fort Bascomb captured a party consisting of ten Mexicans and one Indian with twenty loads of ammunition, arms, etc., which the troops destroyed. The next day the troops captured 500 head of cattle stolen from Texas and traded off to Mexicans. Gen. Gordon Granger, who recently assumed command in New Mexico, has determined to solve the Indian question in his district with rifle and revolvers, and has ordered all the available force to report at a point west of the Rio Grande, in Grant county, to Gen. Thomas C. Levis, who will direct operations against the Apaches.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Faithful Dog.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., June 18, 1871.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am spending a few days in this historic place, now famous as a summer resort for health and pleasure seekers; and it is really an inviting place to those wishing to escape the heat and dust of cities. The Saco river winds its way to old Ocean through broad intervales skirted with old maples and elms, that have withstood the storms and freshets of centuries. There are some enterprising farmers here, that go in for the best stock. The landlord with whom I am tarrying has a fine herd of Devons. The intervales here were formerly very productive; but now are of a granite formation, they are worn out, and though easy to work, do not produce abundantly. were buried during the Willey family that terrible [illegible] ing dreadful storm in September, 1826, beneath an avalanche from the mountains, now lie in the cemetery in this town—at least the bodies of those that were recovered, for three out of the nine were never found.

I took my pen to give your readers another instance of the wonderful sagacity and attachment of the dog to his friends (related on the best authority) in this mournful tragedy. Every living thing belonging to the premises perished, except the dog and a yoke of oxen, and these showed signs of rough usage; and as no human beings were left, and no neighbors within twenty miles, the dog immediately started for the nearest human habitation through an avalanche of trees torn up by the roots and borne down the river by the impetuous torrent, till he arrived at Mr. Lovejoy's, and before any news had reached Conway this faithful dog, by moanings and other expressions of deep inward grief, tried to make the family understand what had happened; but not succeeding he left, and after being seen frequently on the road between the Notch house and the residence of the family just referred to, sometimes heading north and then south, running at the top of his speed as though bent on some most absorbing errand, he soon disappeared from the region and was never heard of after. He probably perished through grief and loneliness combined with exhaustion of body.

D. BROWN.

THE NEW ORLEANS, MOBILE AND TEXAS RAILROAD. This leading southern railroad enterprise is one of the evidences of northern interest in southern development. Such prominent capitalists and business men as Hon. E. D. Morgan, Hon. John A. Griswold, Hon. Oakes Ames, Hon. George Innis, of Poughkeepsie, Messrs. Morton, Bliss & Co., J. & W. Seligman & Co., L. Von Hoffman & Co., and others whose names, like these, are thoroughly known among financial and manufacturing men, are leading stock-holders, and they have proved their determination to carry the work to a successful completion, by first putting nearly ten million dollars of their own money into the work, before asking any funds from the public. That this is the true basis upon which to found a reliable railroad security, is the opinion of all who understand railroad finances. The Boston *Journal* of May 31st, says:

"Two-thirds of the whole distance has been built, before the Company has asked the public to invest in any of its securities, a style of practice in railroad building which it would be well if more new corporations would follow."

The Boston *Advertiser* says:

"The State aid and the very large amounts already put into the work by the stockholders, constitute a sound financial basis for the bonds of the Company."

The Boston *Traveller*, (May 31st) says:

"As to the securities, the fact that so much has already been done, and the further fact that the State of Louisiana has granted extraordinary aid to the line on account of its importance to that State, are strong arguments that the bonds must be good."

Mr. W. B. Shattuck, the Financial Agent of this Company, offers the 8 per cent. Mortgage Bonds at 90 and interest, at which price they pay very largely upon the investment, and the security is ample. Mr. Shattuck gives further facts concerning the Bonds in another column.

☞The steamer Star of the East, while making her regular trip up the Kennebec on Saturday morning last, struck a rock near Nahumkeag Island opposite South Gardiner, and stove a hole in her bottom. All steam was at once crowded on and the passengers and freight safely landed at Gardiner. The steamer then sunk at the wharf, the water completely covering her deck. An attempt was made by the use of the fire engines to pump the water out, and the steam engine Cushnoc of this city was sent for, but the effort was useless. On Monday, by the use of three large steam pumps the water was being lowered at the rate of six inches an hour. As soon as she is got free she will be towed to some convenient place at the mouth of the river, when she will be beached, and temporarily repaired, and then taken to Boston and placed on the Marine Railway. It is hoped that the steamer will be ready to resume her regular trips next week. The Star is 1413 tons, built in New York in 1866, cost about $200,000, and is the largest and best boat ever on the Kennebec line.

WESTBROOK SEMINARY. The commencement exercises at Westbrook Seminary took place in the Universalist church in Deering on Thursday last. The audience was large, and the literary exercises were of a very creditable description. After the delivery of the valedictory, diplomas were conferred upon the members of the graduating class, by the Rev. J. C. Snow, Principal of the institution. The class then sung a parting ode, after which the audience was dismissed with the benediction. After the conclusion of the exercises in the church, a procession of the trustees, clergymen in attendance, members of the graduating class and invited guests, was formed and headed by the band, marched to Hersey Hall where all sat down to an excellent dinner. Among the distinguished guests present, were Gov. Perham and Ex-Governor Washburn. After dinner speeches were made by several gentlemen, and the time agreeably passed till 3 o'clock, when the church was again filled to listen to the oration by Prof. W. R. Shipman, of Tufts College, and a poem by Mrs. Mary S. Reed of Auburn.

THE ADVANCE MOWER It is claimed cuts the grass by pulling on direct draft. The cutter bar being attached to the tongue or pole, instead of to the body of the machine, good judges say this makes it one third lighter draft than where the cutter bar is attached to the body, the machine doing work by pushing instead of pulling or direct draft. This point in in the Advance is worth considering by those wishing to buy. All who have used this mower pronounce it the lightest draft mower they have ever used, C. P. Church, Esq., Bradford, one of our leading farmers, used one last year and says it worked complete. That it cut stout grass just as well on the slow walk of the team as the quick, and did not choke or clog, also cut thin grass well on the slow walk of the team. That it is easily managed and works better on rough land than any he ever saw. He has used the Buckeye and others. That the front brake adds much to its value. He cut over eighty acres and it didn't cost him one cent for repairs, and the machine was in as good order as when he began.

MEADOW KING MOWER. Farmers in Maine will have an opportunity of seeing this mower in operation in the different sections of the State. Information as to when and where can be had of the agents.

Farmers should carefully read the article in the last number of the FARMER, on wooden framed mowing machines. The Meadow King is composed wholly of iron and steel, except lever, pole, whiffletree and neck yoke, and warranted of sufficient strength. The pitman of this machine is protected from obstructions of any kind or size; this is a very important point. A.

NAVAL FIGHT WITH THE COREANS. A dispatch from Admiral Rogers, commanding the American fleet in Asiatic waters, gives an account of an engagement on the Chinese coast, between our naval forces and the inhabitants of the Corean peninsula. Admiral Rogers' gone to Corea with English, French and armed vessels, for the purpose and other treaty for the protection of negotiating a of civilized countries shipwrecked sailors fared death, also who have hitherto suffat the hands of very or other cruel treatment sula as of the natives. Corea is a peninon the northeast coast of Asia, and although tributary to China, has a government of its own. Very little indeed is known with regard to the interior in consequence of the extreme exclusiveness of the people, who have the utmost aversion to foreigners. It will be remembered that the American barque Gen. Sherman was wrecked off the coast of Corea a year or two since, and although the fact was established that her crew escaped to the main land, they have not been heard from since. It is surmised they were massacred by the jealous natives, or taken to the interior and sold into slavery. Our government has for a long time sought to get at the real facts of the case for the purpose of exacting restitution as far as possible, but thus far to little purpose. The following is the substance of Admiral Rogers' dispatch to our government:

"Our Minister and Corean Envoys exchanged profession of amicable intentions to a survey of their waters. The Monocacy, Palos and four steam launches under Commander Blake were sent June 1st to examine the river Sable at a point called Difficult passage on the French chart. At a point where navigation is most perilous, masked batteries manned by several thousand Coreans unmasked and opened a heavy fire without warning upon our people. The French ships in advance fought gallantly, and our vessels bearing up drove the enemy from their works. The tide swept all the ships past the batteries, and they anchored and threw 8-inch shells among the retreating enemy, which evidently were not expected.

The Monocacy was slightly injured by knocking upon a sunken rock, but it is now temporarily repaired. The vessels in returning received no fire, the enemy having been driven from the forts. Our people displayed great gallantry and only two were slightly wounded. A communication was received to-day which may open negotiations. Otherwise, the Coreans having met peaceful overtures with unprovoked war, our forces will land, and destroying the forts will take such other measures as the interests of civilization require."

INDIAN WAR FEARED. L. S. Friend, Agent of the Kiowa Indians, writes to Gov. Davis of Texas, from Fort Sill, May 26th, as follows:

"It is evident that during the coming summer there will be witnessed the most extensive ravages of the frontiers of Texas of any preceding. Almost all the Indians of this agency and the Cheyennes of another have left and are now on the war path. Other bands of Camanches who do not belong here are also active, and that the plains are black with Apaches. Upon interrogation as to the number they pointed to a large valley near by of more than a thousand acres, and say that will not hold them. The continually increasing depredations on the northwestern frontiers corroborate their statements. The Apaches have been coming down the waters of the Colorado, and further south and west, like depredations were committed by them. There is a rendezvous west of the reservation where the traders of New Mexico meet the Indians and furnish them with arms and ammunition in exchange for horses and cattle. There are 2400 braves and warriors, inclusive of whom Santanta, Chief of the Kiowas, is the first brave and Kicking Bird the second. The Indians now on Fort Sill reservation number 7254, of whom nearly half are Camanches and Kiowas.

Kicking Bird, in a recent speech in the council with the white authorities, said: "You often hear that the Kiowas are bad people. I will tell you the reason. We are not permitted to buy arms and ammunition, and having had our lands taken from us, we are foolish enough to be bad. If you want to do good you must have Washington supply us with arms and ammunition, and then we will think of it." In a recent interview with the Indian at Saturn reservation, Gen. Sherman asserted that the Indians having so frequently broken their treaty, should be declared outlaws and government should cease to care for them and sequestrate their lands and punish them as their enormities deserve, and he should so recommend.

DEATH OF HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM. The following particulars of the accidental shooting of Hon. L. Vallandigham, a well known politician and lawyer of Ohio, on Friday night last, are contained in a dispatch from Cincinnati, of the 46th inst:

Clement L. Vallandigham, of the counsel for the defence of Thomas McGehan, now on trial at Lebanon, O., for the murder of Myers at Hamilton, O., accidentally shot himself tonight. He was in the room with Governor McBurney, and while showing how Myers might have shot himself, the pistol discharged and the ball entered the right side of the abdomen below the ribs. The direction of the ball is not known. The last intelligence is that it did not penetrate the intestines, and the wound, though dangerous, is not considered mortal.

Later despatches from Lebanon say that Vallandigham was vomiting, which was regarded as an unfavorable symptom, and one of his physicians said their were indications of internal hemorrhage. The doctors ceased their fruitless search for the ball about an hour after the accident. They then closed the wound and placed the patient on his right side.

He was calm and collected. It appears that no one was with Vallandigham when the accident occurred but ex-Lieutenant Governor McBurney, who has been associated with him in the defence of McGehan. McBurney had expressed some doubts as to the theory that Myers had shot himself. Vallandigham took the pistol from the table, saying that he would show him in half a second. Two pistols were on the table, one unloaded, and he by mistake took up the loaded one, and put it in his pocket, and withdrew it, keeping the muzzle next his body. Just as it was leaving his pocket it was discharged, it is reported, at nearly the same part of the body where Myers was shot. He at once ejaculated, "Oh, murder!" and said that he had taken the wrong pistol. While the examination was going on he watched the surgeons with eager eyes, and even assisted them in searching for the ball. The ball appears to have taken a downward course in the direction of the bladder.

A later despatch states that Mr. Vallandigham died a short time after the accident.

☞A late dispatch from Louisiana, says that a dangerous political agitation continues in that State and that a violent conflict is imminent. A bitter feeling is entertained by the larger portion of the whites towards the blacks and officers of the State government. It has become intensified by the result of the recent local elections. At any time within the last ten days a conflict seemed unavoidable. Both parties are well supplied with arms and appear eager for a conflict. Bands of armed men are reported to be ready and only waiting for a summons to begin the work of bloodshed. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, planters and officials attend their business with revolvers lying within easy reach. I trust that the crisis is past, but I should not be surprised if the difficulty culminated in bloodshed at any time.

SOMERSET MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO. We have had presented for our perusal the Thirty-Fifth Annual Statement of the Somerset M. F. Ins. Co. Its record deserves more than a passing notice. Although the last year's losses have been fully up to the average, even more, still the assets have been handsomely increased, and with the same care in the selection of risks as in the past, the Company must still continue to offer to farmers and owners of safe dwellings, the best and cheapest insurance extant, not even excepting companies who may have imitated their plan. In 1857 the "Advance Cash Plan" was adopted, and "Fourteen years without assessment," is a record of which the "Old Pioneer" may justly be proud. Lightning damage or loss is covered and all damage paid to the full amount, not exceeding the amount insured. The company have various agencies throughout the county.

☞The remarkable article in the May number of Blackwood's Magazine entitled the "Battle of Dorking," elsewhere noticed in these columns, is republished in *Littel's Living Age* for the week ending June 17.

☞Col. Samuel T. Hinds an honored citizen of Bristol, and the father of Benj. H. Hinds Esq. of this city, suddenly dropped dead one night last week as he was preparing to retire.

Items of Maine News.

J. A. P[illegible] ance has been appointed Postmaster at [illegible] Brunswick, vice N. Merryman, resigned.

Mr. Patrick Sullivan at Cherryfield, fell dead in a store Friday evening last. He was about sixty years old.

The *Journal* says the percentage of taxation in Lewiston this year will be nineteen mills. Last year it was thirty mills.

The town of Monson voted 98 to 1, on the 13th inst., to appropriate 5 per cent of its valuation in aid of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad.

A lad named McManus, aged ten years, was drowned in the Androscoggin river at Lewiston, on Friday afternoon last, while bathing.

Shepherd Fletcher, Esq., of Parkman, has had six blooded sheep torn in pieces in his pasture, recently, supposed to have been killed by bears.

The *Chronicle* understands by a gentleman from Wilton that Dr. Albion Cobb, the elopist, returned to his family in Casco last Wednesday week.

A crow descended into the barn-yard of Asa Jackson, of Sangerville, four times on Sunday last, and seized and carried off a chicken, at each visit.

The Lewiston *Journal* says the town of Hartford has neither grist, saw, shingle or clapboard mill, blacksmith, lawyer nor doctor, and only one minister.

Mr. Sam King, youngest son but one of Mr. S. T. King, of Calais, in the 23d year of his age, was drowned at St. John, N. B., on Saturday last, in the forenoon.

A boat race is to take place at Eastport on the 4th of July between a crew from the Revenue steamer Mosswood, and a crew of soldiers from Fort Sullivan.

Dea. Solomon Moody of Nobleboro', was instantly killed Thursday morning by a falling tree while at work in the woods of William Morang in that town.

The irrepressible black bear has been foraging around in the town of Sangerville, and at one time about fifty trappers were on his track. Several deadly shots were fired, but the "baste" walked off unhurt as usual.

Mr. S. C. Paine, of Canaan, mentions in a letter to the Belfast *Journal*, that his wife's grandfather, Samuel Goodrich, is living with them. He was 104 years old the 9th of this month, is healthy, and his faculties are good.

The *Reporter* says on Wednesday of last week a horse belonging to S. G. Wethren of N. New Portland, was shot in Moses L. Strickland's pasture in that place, and though not killed dead was severely injured. The depredator is yet unknown. The horse is valued at $225.

The Farmington *Chronicle* says the dwelling house, two large barns, three sheds and granary of Mr. A. Gammon of Freeman, were burned to the ground between 10 and 11 o'clock on Thursday, 6th inst. The fire caught on the roof of the house from chimney sparks.

The Dexter *Gazette* says that a minister in a neighboring town, last Sabbath, baptized a young lady, took her into the church, and was married to her, all inside of an hour. This is what may be called "giving a strict and undivided attention to business."

During the last thunder shower the lightning struck in seven different places within a circle of a quarter of a mile, in Strong. One tree was struck about twenty feet from the ground, and the bark peeled all off to the roots.

The Piscataquis Trotting Association will celebrate the coming Fourth by a horse trot on their Park at Foxcroft. Purses are offered to the am't of $275. Entries close on the 30th day of this month. An excursion train will be run on that day from Bangor.

The *Journal* says the experiment of making butter by enclosing the cream in double cloths and burying it for twenty-four hours in the ground has been tried in Belfast with complete success. This is no joke, but a fact. The process will make excellent butter without churning, and with scarcely any buttermilk.

The marble copy of the Lion of Lucerne, of which some account has been given in the papers, has at last arrived, and is now being placed in Memorial Hall, at Waterville. It is an expensive and substantial piece of work. It cost $2,000, and its weight is between three and four tons.

The Wiscasset *Oracle* says the house of I. G. Williamson, and occupied by Timothy Cunningham, on the old Bath road, about one mile from Wiscasset, was totally destroyed by fire on the forenoon of the 5th. Mr. Cunningham lost about all he had. House valued at about $600 or $700. Insured for $400, in the Home, of New York.

Lewiston is hard pushed to get a Fourth of July orator. Rev. Mr. Murray declined because he was "going into the Wilderness;" and now the *Journal* says answers have been received from Gov. Bullock, Gen. Banks, Gen. Butler, Wendell Phillips and Senator Patterson, declining to deliver the 4th of July oration on account of pressing engagements.

The *Whig* says Monday afternoon two men stopped at the hotel in Passadumkeag with a horse which they had driven from Swanville in a wagon since breakfast time, with the additional weight of a trotting sulky which was fastened to the back of the wagon. A few minutes after driving into the yard the horse fell dead.

The Farmington *Chronicle* says Herbert C. Nichols, a hired man working for Capt. Treat, of Livermore Falls, got up in his sleep one night last week, jumped out of a second story window, fifteen feet from the ground, travelled around the stable, climbing over three fences into the front yard, where he was met and awakened by one of Mr. Treat's sons.

During a severe thunder squall at Bath Friday, a scuttle was blown from the old McLellan mansion, striking a child of Capt. Jarvis Patten, about five years of age, fracturing her skull. A large oak tree on the common was struck by lightning and completely shivered, large pieces being thrown several rods' distance.

Mr. Loren Tuttle of Saco, was drowned on Tuesday, 13th, at about half past 5 o'clock. He had been at work on a vessel discharging coal at Factory Island wharf, and in stepping from the vessel to the wharf, he slipped and struck his head and falling to the water, immediately sunk, and did not rise afterwards. His body was recovered.

The Biddeford *Democrat* says a horse belonging to Mr. S. Gowell, met with his death in a horrible manner, on Monday night of last week. The animal had reached his head into the crib of another horse, from which he was not able to extricate it, and strangled. He was found dead in the morning, standing in an erect position.

The Bangor *Whig* tells of a long lived Tibbetts family. Messrs. Henry and Joseph Tibbetts of Levant, brothers, are 83 years old, another brother, William, is 86, and a sister, Rebecca, is 81. The two latter are living in Indiana. Their parents also had sixteen other children, many of whom are still living.

The P. S. & P. Railroad Company have filed a

Foreign News.

Latest from Europe.

FRANCE.

Versailles, June 14. The *Officiel Journal* to-day says that the story of condemned insurgents being shot in the Bois de Boulogne with mitrailleuses is an odious and absurd calumny. The same journal also denies the report that the Orleans Princes dined with Thiers.

Paris, June 14. In the Assembly to-day Trochu continued his speech in defence of his administration of military affairs. He gave a minute account of the sorties during the German siege of Paris and of the reasons for making them. He attributes their defeat to the fact that the Germans used their artillery only. The French, he believed, would have beaten the German infantry if they could have engaged them. His main plan had been for a grand sortie toward Rouen, but after the victory of Coulmiers, public opinion demanded a junction of the garrison of Paris with the Army of the Loire, which was sheer madness and one of the greatest obstacles to the conduct of the defence.

In order to combat the Bonapartists intrigues, deputies propose to impeach the Emperor for declaring and waging war.

Many of the Communist prisoners were discharged to-day for want of evidence.

GERMANY.

Berlin, June 14. The committee in charge of the dotation bill met to-day, and was addressed by Bismarck. The bill was then adopted in Parliament, with an amendment, under which the Emperor will distribute four million thalers among the Generals and Statesmen who hate achieved the results of the war.

Emperor William has congratulated the Pope upon the occurrence of his jubilee.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, June 14. The *Times*, in an editorial to-day, says of the Treaty of Washington, that it was not England alone who yielded some of her claims. The United States also made great concessions. The *Times* considers it unprecedented that such a grave difference between nations as that of the Alabama claims should have been settled without resort to arms. The demand for consequential damages, for injury done American commerce by the Alabama and kindred vessels was unacceptable to the English Commissioners, and abandoned by the United States.

The *Times*, in conclusion, expresses the hope that taking pattern from the adjustment of the American question, all nations of Europe will rise to a higher conception of the aims and duties of international fellowship.

FRANCE.

Paris, June 15. Marshal McMahon desires to resign his command of the army. The reserve corps of the army is to be dissolved and Gen. Vinoy, its commander, will retire from service.

The workmen of Paris are almost unanimously Communists, and very bitter because their cause has been defeated, and hate both Thiers and Bonaparte. Many of them will emigrate to America.

The press generally, with the exception of the religious journals, ridicule the efforts of the French Bishops to commit France to the restoration of the Pope's temporal power. They pronounce the question settled and declare that France cannot interfere.

Three hundred Communists were arrested in Paris from Saturday to Tuesday.

Rochefort's trial had been fixed for Monday, but his illness has caused a postponement. He will demand a jury trial.

GERMANY.

Berlin, June 15. The session of the German Parliament closed yesterday with a speech from the Emperor, thanking the members for grants to widows and orphans of the late war. The Emperor closed his speech with the words, "God grant peace to the new German Empire."

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, June 15. Napoleon visited the Kent Cricketers Wednesday. He received quite an ovation and held a fete. He was undoubtedly surrounded by his old adherents, and bold movements are rumored.

The Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne and many other noble personages attended a reception given Wednesday evening to Wm. Bradford, the American artist, at London.

A London dispatch says that persons arriving from Paris say that the half has not been told of the troubles in that city, and that the destruction of life and property immensely exceeds both the government and newspaper accounts.

FRANCE.

Paris, June 16.—The International Society of Paris makes the following proclamation: We are disarmed but not conquered, and are still 100,000 strong. Favre and Trochu were the authors of our misfortunes, aided by capital and the priesthood. We accept the responsibility of the conflagrations. We must have no interior Deputies and no reversion at the polls. The reaction took away our arms but not our votes. "*Vive la Social Republique.*" "*Vive la Commune.*"

Since the capture of Paris, 18,600 insurgents have been shot.

GERMANY.

Berlin, June 16. The triumphal entry of the army and the inauguration of the equestrian statue of King Frederick William the 3d took place to-day in accordance with the programme in the imperial proclamation of the 12th. The streets on the line of march were superbly decorated and in the public squares triumphal arches were raised and platforms erected to accommodate the thousands of spectators. The procession was one of the most magnificent of modern times—was headed by eagles and standards captured from the French. It marched in from Templehoff field to the palace between two rows of cannon, numbering nearly 2000, taken during the war. At intervals along the line enormous trophies formed of captured arms were erected. Addresses of welcome and congratulation were presented when the Emperor at the head of a brilliant cortege rode down the triumphal way which was constructed in honor of the occasion. The army then entered the gate with the Prussian Guards at the head of the line, which was mainly composed of detachments representing every regiment which took part in the war, each bearing its regimental colors.

The appearance of the men was superb and the enthusiasm of the great masses of spectators as they passed was unbounded. Each regiment as it entered was cheered with indescribable enthusiasm. When the procession had concluded its march, the Emperor proceeded to unveil the statue of his father, Frederick William the 3d.

The veil of the statue was removed amid tremendous cheering, firing of cannon and music from the military bands. The Emperor standing at the foot of the statue delivered a speech, closing with these words: "This monument, which was projected in time of the profoundest peace, now becomes a memorial of one of the most brilliant though bloodiest of modern wars. May the peace so dearly deserved be a lasting one."

The ceremonies closed with conferring honors on the various Commanders.

ITALY.

Rome, June 16. The jubilee of Pope Pius IX. was celebrated to-day. Receptions at the Vactican followed each other in constant succession from morning till night. Fully 3000 pilgrims from all parts of the world are in the city. The utmost tranquility prevails.

SOUTH AMERICA.

London June 17. A gang of men supposed to be Fenians broke into an armory at Mailow, Ireland, Saturday night and carried off 120 rifles. Five persons have been arrested.

Fourteen persons were drowned by an accident on Moray Firth, England, Wednesday.

FRANCE.

Paris, June 19. [Special to N. Y. *World.*] Indications of a renewal of the insurrection multiply. Workingmen openly insult the soldiers and attempts at assassination and incendiarism continue.

During the last two days 29 officers of the Commune have been arrested, half of whom were foreigners.

Versailles, June 19. The Assembly to-day passed a bill giving natives of Alsace and Lorraine residing in France the right to vote and making them eligible to the Assembly.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, June 19. The House of Lords today debated the declaration of Paris of 1856, abolishing privateering. Earl Cowper thought the refusal of the United States to agree to the declaration was no ground for its repudiation by Great Britain.

Earl Malmesbury denounced the convention and quoted the opinions pronounced against it by the late Earl Derby and Sir G. Cornwall Lewis. The refusal of the American government to adhere to the agreement made it worthless. He sharply criticised the Prussians for their disregard to private property and their outrageous requisitions during the late war.

ITALY.

Rome, June 18. A plot for the assassination of the Pope has been discovered, and was concocted in London, Florence and Paris by the members of the International Society. The assassination was planned to take place yesterday.

☞ The Sycamore cheese factory of Illinois uses over 17,000 pounds of milk daily, and claims that to be the largest amount used by any factory in the United States.

BURNING OF A COOLIE SHIP. A San Francisco despatch gives the following account of the burning of another of the ships engaged in the Coolie trade:

"The burning of the coolie ship Don Juan, before reported as the Dolores Ugarte with 600 coolies on board, is confirmed from other sources. The ship was burned to the water's edge within forty miles of Hong Kong, two days after leaving Macao. Some of the coolies say the fire originated aft in the lazaretto, where the ship's stores and material were kept, but thirty-five of the crew have reached Macao, and all say that the coolies mutinied and set fire to the ship aft in hope of forcing all forward and obtain possession of the ship. In the scramble for boats the Europeans used revolvers to prevent the coolies getting in, and one of the crew was wounded in the leg, while many of the coolies were drowned.

It is reported that 550 coolies were fastened under the hatches, 300 of whom were roasted alive, the others escaping when the hatches were burned off. While the men were on deck and on the bowsprit one of the masts fortunately gave way and the men at once made such efforts as they could to reach it, and having got to it they clung on with desperation. They had not been long in the water before a fishing junk came up and they were taken off, two or three at a time, in a small sampan. The coolies state that there were fifty Europeans on the vessel.

Special Notices.

A Chapter of Facts.

Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this advertisement to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. Those facts refer to Hostetter's Stomach bitters—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and physician. These ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor secretive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effecting a radical cure—short of selling off everything and going into a new business—is yet to be heard from, and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. It purifies all the fluids of the body, including the blood, and the gentle stimulus which it imparts to the nervous system is not succeeded by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember.

All Women are not Beautiful, but all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 25 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best and the most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. 4w27

Colds and Coughs.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Experience having proved that simple remedies act speedily when taken in the early stages of disease, take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," and let the Cold, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be warded off.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing*. Be sure to obtain the *true "Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Sold everywhere. 2t29

Married.

In Vassalboro', 15th inst., by E. W. Bush, Esq., Edgar O. Wood of Vassalboro to Lizzie E. Cole of China.

In Palermo, 15th inst., by Rev. J. R. Hallowell, James E. Braley of Hallowell to Lizzie J. Cates of Albion. Lewiston Journal please copy.

In Keenath, 31st ult., by William H. Johnson, Esq., George W. White of Topsfield to Jane P. Leighton of Addison.

In Gardiner, 4th inst., by Rev. W. S. Stockbridge, W. S. Gray of Richmond to Annie Wilson of Gardiner.

In Union, 8th inst., Edwin Whitehouse of Dover, N. H., to Sarah W. Harding, formerly of Rockland.

In Waterville, 10th inst., Frank W. Handy to Cora E. Addington, both of Fairfield.

In Norridgewock, John J. Alexander of Belgrade to Abbie Jones of Norridgewock.

In Wells, 15th inst., by Rev. W. C. Barrows, Lamont A. Stevens to Hattie A. Littlefield, both of Wells.

In Columbia, Cal., 5th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Wible, Martin E. Ward to Elvira S. Pitts.

Died.

In this city, 15th inst., Malvina, wife of Rev. W. A. Drew, aged about 70 years; 18th inst., Benjamin Pelgill, aged 63 years.

In Rockland, 5th inst., John C. Blagden, aged 38 years.

In Palermo, 7th inst., Cynthia E., daughter of Walter P. and Elmira Gardner, aged 21 years.

In New Sharon, 7th inst., Mrs. Soobia Rand, relict of the late Reuben Rand, aged 74 years.

In Parsonsfield, 14th ult., Susie M., daughter of James M. and Mary A. Eastman, aged 22 years 7 months.

In Camden, 6th inst., J. E. Keene, aged 27 years 10 months.

In Wilton, 4th inst., David Green, aged 80 years.

In Yarmouth, 14th inst., Capt. Sylranus Prince, aged 81 years 4 months.

In Foxcroft, 2d inst., Mrs. Lizzie S., wife of Geo. M. Poole, aged 23 years.

Consumption,
ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE,
By J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

MANY a human being has passed away, for whose death there was no other reason than the want of known and indisputably proved means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT,

and availed themselves of his wonderfully efficacious medicines, they would not have fallen.

Dr. Schenck has in his own case proven that wherever sufficient vitality remains, that vitality, by his medicines and his directions for their use is quickened into healthful vigor.

In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr. Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is unfailing. Its philosophy requires no argument. It is self-assuring, self-convincing.

The Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two-thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, with all its distressing symptoms, of

CONSUMPTION.

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—the Podophillum Peltatum. They possess all the blood-searching, alterative properties of calomel, but are entirely vegetable.

"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."

The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and unnatural secretions in the stomach and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach acts responsively, and the patient begins to feel that he is gaining strength.

A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.

The Seaweed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chylification is now progressing, without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

Now comes the greatest Blood Purifier ever yet given by an indulgent Father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions and to hasten and complete the cure. It may be called Nature's own remedy in its work. Nature cheated. It collects and ripens the impaired and diseased portions of the lungs. In the form of gatherings it prepares them for expectoration, and in very short time the malady is vanished, the rotten throne that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, in all the dignity of regained vigor, steps forth to enjoy the manhood or womanhood that was

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room, until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure cannot be effected. Fresh air and riding out, especially in this section of the country in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose their patients, if their lungs are badly diseased; and yet, because they are in the house they must not sit down quiet: they must walk about the room as much and as fast as the strength will bear, to get up a good circulation of blood. The patient must keep in good spirits—be determined to get well. This has a great deal to do with the appetite, and is the great point to gain.

To despair of cure after such evidence of its possibility in the worst cases, and moral certainty in all others, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal statement of his case is his own cure was in these modest words:

"Many years ago I was in the last stages of consumption: confined to my bed, and at one time my physicians thought that I could not live a week; then like a drowning man catching at straws, I heard of, and obtained the preparations which I now offer to the public, and they made a perfect cure of me. It seemed to me that I could feel them penetrate my whole system. They soon ripened the matter in my lungs, and I would spit up more than a pint of offensive yellow matter every morning for a long time.

As soon as that began to subside, my cough, fever, pain and night sweats all began to leave me, and my appetite became so great that it was with difficulty that I could keep from eating too much. I soon gained my strength, and have grown in flesh ever since.

I was weighed shortly after my recovery," added the doctor, "then looking like a mere skeleton; my weight was only ninety-seven pounds; my present weight is two hundred and seventy (270) pounds, and for years I have enjoyed uninterrupted health.

Dr. Schenck has discontinued his professional visits to New York and Boston. He or his son, J. H. Schenck, Jr., still continue to see patients at their office, No. 15 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, every Saturday from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination with the Respirometer will be charged $5. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs, and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not.

The directions for taking the medicines are adapted to the intelligence even of a child. Follow these directions, and Kind Nature will do the rest, accepting that in some cases the Mandrake Pills are to be taken in increased doses; the three medicines need no other accompaniments than the ample instructions that accompany them: First, create appetite. Of returning health hunger is the most welcome symptom. When it comes, as it will come, let the despairing sufferer be of good cheer. Good blood at once follows, the cough loosens, the night sweat is abated. In a short time both of these morbid symptoms are gone forever.

Dr. Schenck's medicines are constantly kept in scores of thousands of families. As a laxative or purgative, the Mandrake Pills, are a standard preparation: while the Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure of coughs and colds, may be regarded as a prophylactic against consumption in any of its forms.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, $1.50 a bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists and dealers. Office, C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Agents.

Schenck's genuine medicines are sold in Augusta by CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, opposite the FARMER Office. 1y50

THE BUCKEYE
Mower and Reaper.

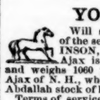
BUILT BY THE
Richardson Manufacturing Co.,
Worcester, Mass.
And for sale by
WILLIAMSON & GREENWOOD,
No. 1 Union Block, Augusta.

A full assortment of Repairs kept constantly on hand. 4w29

BAY STATE HORSE RAKE.

MANUFACTURED BY
Buckeye Mowing Machine Company,
West Fitchburg, Mass.
WILLIAMSON & GREENWOOD, Agents,
4t29 Augusta, Maine.

The Hambletonian and Messenger Stallion
YOUNG AJAX



Will stand for service the remainder of the season at the stable of G. M. ROBINSON, East side of Kennebec Bridge. Ajax is 6 years old, stands 15½ hands high and weighs 1060 pounds. He was got by Smith's Ajax of N. H., who was a fast trotter; he was of the Abdallah stock of horses.

Terms of service—$10 leap, to be paid at service; $15 season, to be paid Aug. 1, 1871; $20 to warrant.

All mares disposed of before their time of foaling will be considered with foal, and full service of the horse required. G. M. ROBINSON.

Augusta, June 1, 1871. 1t29

TWENTY-FIVE Cents will buy a box of **Pike's** Magic Cleansing Cream. It is excellent for House Cleaning or for removing Oil, Grease and Berry Stains from Garments and Carpets. Sold by Grocers and Druggists in Augusta. J. J. PIKE & CO., manufacturers, Chelsea, Mass.

Pike's Magic Cleansing Cream is sold in Augusta at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE. 3m*29

Lasell Female Seminary,

AT AUBURNDALE, MASS. School raised to full college grade, including Greek. *Prices reduced one quarter.* United with N. E. Conservatory of Music. Pupils have all the advantages of the Conservatory, without additional charge. Music under direction of Mr. Eben Tourjee. Facilities for German, French and Painting unsurpassed. Fall Term begins September 14. For Catalogue address

3m29 REV. CHAS. W CUSHING.

30,000 Sold!

THAT'S the story for "**LITTLE MEN.**" We want to say the same for

MISS ALCOTT'S
THREE PROVERB STORIES
and her first novel
MOODS!
2w*29 **LORING, Publisher, Boston.**

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

JOSEPH W. PATTERSON, Guardian of Freddie T. Whiting of Winthrop, in said County, minor, having presented his account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance, and also his request to be discharged from that trust:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed, and he be discharged.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*. 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

EMILY GOODSELL, widow of Jesse Goodsell, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

LEONIDAS PETTINGILL, Executor on the Estate of Joseph Pettingill, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

OLIVE WAITT, Administratrix on the estate of Joseph W. Waitt, late of Gardiner, in said County, deceased, having presented her account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*. 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

CHARLES C. NASH, Guardian of Albert G. Nash of Sidney, in said County, minor, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*. 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

ISAIAH HOLMES, Executor of the last will and testament of Elisha J. Holmes, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*. 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1871.

THE Executor named in the last will and testament of

SAMUEL TROUANT, late of Windsor, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, having accepted the trust and undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 12, 1871. 2t* ANTHONY S. COOMBS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of

DANIEL W. STRATTON, late of Albion, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 12, 1871. 2t* ADA R. STRATTON.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

STEPHEN LADD, late of Mount Vernon, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 12, 1871. 2t* JESSE JACOBS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

ISAAC LAPHAM, 2D, late of Pittston, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

May 22, 1871 2t* SAMUEL K. LAPHAM.

ANY YOUNG LADY used to canvassing for, or selling subscription books can make a good thing just now selling a new book especially adapted to the present time.

An Agent is wanted for every town in New England. For full particulars address

LORING, Publisher,
2w* BOSTON, MASS.

WANTED—Enterprising Agents and Peddlers for our NEW CULINARY PRESS & STRAINER combined, for pressing and straining all kinds of Fruits, Berries, Vegetables, Lard, Tallow, Meats, Cheese, etc. Three sizes from $3 to $4.0. 60,000 already sold in a few localities. Circulars free. LITTLEFIELD & DAME, 102 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 4w29

Caution.

I HEREBY notify all persons not to trust or harbor ADA CORSON on my expenses, as she is traveling from place to place without my consent.

HIRAM S. CHAMBERLAIN,
Burnham, June 21, 1871. 3t*29

Top Buggy for Sale.

ONE good second-hand Top Buggy for sale. Inquire of M. M. STONE, Kennebec Cotton Mill, or T. FULLER & SON, Water Street, Augusta. 3t*29

Oils.

PURE Lard, Sperm and Neatsfoot Oils. Also Olive, Castor and all the essential and medicinal Oils sold low at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE, 29 Opposite the FARMER Office.

AT AUGUSTA, TUESDAY, JUNE 27,
THE GREAT
STONE & MURRAY CIRCUS.
EVENT OF THE PERIOD!
Mastodon of 1871.

CARD OF EXPLANATION.

The experienced Management, Messrs. STONE & MURRAY, tender their gratitude to an appreciative public, and, because of liberal encouragement in the past, are induced to put forth renewed effort, to place before the people the

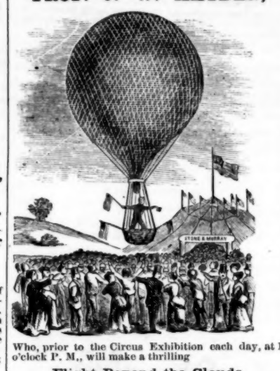
Grandest Exhibition of the 19th Century.

Their establishment has ever been justly celebrated for the high-toned and respectable character of its scenic performances, and the orderly manner of its conduct. In their present arduous undertaking they have succeeded

BEYOND PRECEDENT.

And have added materially to their already excellent reputation as skillful caterers to public taste.

GRAND
Free Balloon Ascension.
PROF. J. W. HAYDEN,



Who, prior to the Circus Exhibition each day, at 1 o'clock P. M., will make a thrilling

Flight Beyond the Clouds

In one of his monster Air Ships, wind and weather permitting.

In connection with this and a SECOND GRAND FREE ATTRACTION, is the

TERRIFIC ASCENSION
ON A SLENDER WIRE,
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M., BY
M'LLE JEANETTE ELLSLER,
FROM THE GROUND

To the top of the Center Pole
AND RETURN.

The **Arenic Attractions** are this season superior to any ever before offered to the public. **Celebrated European Artists** are introduced for the first time in connection with the

BEST TALENT OF AMERICA.

For full particulars see **Mammoth Posters and Small Bills.**

☞ **Remember that STONE & MURRAY do what they advertise.**

The same Rules and Regulations of this systematic and well-ordered Circus, which have heretofore governed it, are still enforced.

No Smoking allowed Inside the Pavilion.

Beautifully Carpeted Seats for the Especial Accommodation of Ladies.

PERFORMANCE AFTERNOON AND NIGHT.

Doors open at 1 and 7 o'clock P. M.

Admission 50 Cents. Children 25 Cents.
Remember Day and Date.

Also at **GARDINER, Wednesday, June 28, and WALDOBORO' Thursday, June 29.** 2w28

The "Gems" and "Pearls" of Song.
A Full Library of
VOCAL MUSIC!

Many songs enjoy a transient popularity, and—are forgotten. Others acquire a permanent reputation, and continue to sell largely for many years. Such ones will be found in the books entitled

WREATH OF GEMS,
GEMS OF GERMAN SONG,
GEMS OF SACRED SONG,
GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG,
OPERATIC PEARLS,
SHOWER OF PEARLS, (Duets) and
SILVER CHORD.

All of the above are bound uniformly with the instrumental books of the HOME CIRCLE SERIES, and resemble them in containing an immense amount of valuable music, at one tenth of the "Sheet music" price. Each book costs, in Cloth, $2.5; in Boards, $2 50; and Full Gilt (for presents) $4.

Sent, post-paid, for the above price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York. 29

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.
Organized in 1848.

Deposits made on, or before the
FIRST MONDAY of each Month,
will draw Interest from the
FIRST DAY OF THE SAME MONTH.

INTEREST payable February 1st and August 1st, on all deposits of *one month's standing*, at the rate of not less than SEVEN PER CENT.

Bank open daily during business hours, and deposits received of any amount from ONE DOLLAR upwards.

Money loaned to depositors at any time, on a pledge of deposite books.

OFFICE IN SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,
174 Water Street.
tf59 W. R. SMITH, Treasurer.

BOSWORTH

IS constantly receiving

New Spring Woolens,
Both American and Foreign,

Which he is prepared to make up to order in the latest fashion.

Also, a large stock of
READY MADE CLOTHING
—AND—
Furnishing Goods,
Which will be sold
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Cutting Done at Short Notice.
174 Water street. tf14

JUST PUBLISHED.
IN ONE VOLUME, PRICE 50c.

The following Medical Lectures for Gentlemen:

1. PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.
2. PREMATURE DECLINE IN MAN.
3. NERVOUS AND PHISICAL DEBILITY.
4. DISEASES OF THE GENERATIVE ORGANS.
5. SPERMATORRHŒA.
6. ABUSES OF THE NATURAL FUNCTIONS.
7. TREATMENT AND CURE.

Price 50 cents by mail. Address the author, Dr. CURTIS, 9 Tremont Place, Boston. 1y21

WANTED!
—AT—
Kennebec Cotton Mill,
AUGUSTA, MAINE,
Carding Room Help, Weavers and Spinners.

Apply at the mill to
tf28 **N. W. COLE, Supt.**

Cumberland Coal! Cumberland Coal

Just received by schooner Sarah Louise, a cargo of
200 Tons of
Cumberland Coal
for BLACKSMITH'S use.

For sale low by
PARROTT, BRADBURY & CO.
Augusta, June 12, 1871. 3w28

Sweet Potatoe Plants.

NEW ENGLAND GROWN. Treated expressly for NORTHERN PLANTING. Will do well set out any time in JUNE. Every one that has a plat of ground should raise their own Sweet Potatoes. 500 plants by mail, $5 50; 400, $3; 300, $2 50; 200, $2; 100, $1; 50, 75 cents.

Package of improved, Early Blood-Turnip Beet Seed also presented.

J. W. LANG, Brooks, Me.
2w*28

Notice.

TO whom it may concern. I have given my son James R. Dixon, resident of Sidney, Me., aged 17 years, his time till he shall become 21 years of age. I shall therefore claim none of his earnings and shall pay no bills of his contracting.

DORINDA BARTLETTE.
Witness, GEO. E. WEEKS.
Augusta, Me., June 5, 1871. 3w*27

Mass. Institute of Technology.

FALL Entrance Examination Sept. 28. College graduates admitted as regular students in all the professional courses, without a formal examination. For Catalogues, or entrance examination papers of June 5, apply to Prof. SAMUEL KNEELAND, secretary, Boston, Mass. 4w28

PURE BRED PIGS FOR SALE. I am breeding from imported stock from England, Essex, Berkshire and Prince Albert Suffolk Pigs, and have for sale at all times choice Pigs of all the above breeds. Send stamp for Circular, price list, &c.
4w29 B. H. ROBB, Garrettsville, Ohio.

More than Ten Thousand

MAKE purchases at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE, opposite the FARMER Office, and none are dissatisfied with the goods they buy. 29

THE CLIPPER MOWERS AND REAPERS

ARE AGAIN OFFERED THE PUBLIC IN COMPETITION WITH THE MANY OF THE DAY.

THE annual increased sales indicate that the policy adopted by the Company, viz: "To make only the best article, and that only in the best possible manner," has been rigidly conceived, and although the pressure of competition in prices is tending to cheapen the quality of work and materials, and is flooding the market with inferior machines, we believe that there are now, as ever, appreciative buyers who will have the best, considering our resolution to adhere to the standard, and we give the Clipper of 1871 as superior to any.

As a one-horse machine, the Clipper was Pioneer in practicability, and it stands unrivalled in the wants of the N. E. market, in the combination of the greatest strength and durability with ease of draft.

At the great Auburn trial in 1866, the 1st PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL was awarded it, with the highest compliment for material and workmanship by the committee, who said, "in this respect it surpasses all others."

Again, in 1869, in the contest before the New England Agricultural Society at Amherst, competing with 25 of the leading machines of the day, we find it the highest draft—163 pounds.

At this trial the Two-horse Clipper received the 1st PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL, showing only 198 pounds draft.

A large number of other 1st premiums in the West and South West substantiate the superiority of the Clipper as a Mower and Reaper.

The experience of five years proves that the steel Finger-bar and Finger, patented and used only by the C. M. & R. Co., is unequalled.

The facility of adjusting the height of cut while driving (by 5 changes) is invaluable.

The encased gearing excluding dust and dirt from the working parts, the high and light wheels, the front upward and true centre draft, with other valuable qualities peculiar to the Clipper, make it a machine that the farmer can hardly afford to overlook in buying.

The advantage of a choice of four sizes gives a machine to meet all requirements of team or farm. The greatly reduced prices; the ESTABLISHED reputation, with the full warranty of the Clipper, (placing it beyond the risk of experiment,) will warrant its usual patronage.

Send for Circulars, and see Machine with Agents throughout the State of Maine.

GEO. B. WEAVER, Newport, R. I.,
284w General Agent for East N. E.

THE
"MEADOW KING"
MOWING MACHINE,
Manufactured by GREGG, PLYER & CO., Trumansburg New York.

THIS Mower having been in use five seasons—sufficiently long to enable us to correct all imperfections incident to the construction of a new machine, we now offer to farmers the MEADOW KING as the most simple and practical mower in use

For strength, simplicity of construction, lightness of draught, durability and ease of management, it cannot be surpassed.

The Finger Bar is without Hinges or Joints.

The Knife always in a line with the Pitman.

The Pitman cannot be cramped under any circumstances, running equally we l in any position, from horizontal to perpendicular.

This novel invention, upon THIS MACHINE ONLY, makes the only flexible finger yet invented.

The draft bars are attached to the end of the Cutter Bar, together with the flexibility of the bar, *enable it to conform perfectly to uneven ground.*

The knife has a quick motion and short stroke *enabling the machine to do good work when it moves as slowly as horses or oxen usually walk.*

We cordially invite farmers to give this machine an examination.

For a description of its "*peculiar*" merits and features, also recommendations, see our descriptive circular for 1871, to be had of our local agents, or forwarded *free* on application.

John B. Page (Ex-Governor of Vermont), Rutland, Vt., says: "*It has more good points than any other Mower in the market.*"

Earl Cartwright, Auburn and Smith Mitchell, Triangle, Broome Co., N. Y., say: "*It worked tip-top in every place.*"

J. Bran, Canton, Pa., says: "*It is the best on rough ground of any I have ever seen.*"

The following named gentlemen are agents for the "MEADOW KING."

Warren Percival, Esq.,	Cross Hill,
Maj. Seward Dill.	Phillips,
Col. William Swett.	South Paris,
C. W. Walker,	South Windham,
Farewell & Coffin,	Thorndike,
Ralph Killingwood,	East Thorndike,
Calvin Hall, Surgery,	North Newburgh,
Mudget & Libbey,	Prospect,
W. E. Evans,	Harmony,
W. D. Eaton,	Dexter,
H. B. Mayhew,	East Dover,
John F. Lyford,	St. Albans,
J. M. Chamberlain,	South Exeter.
Wilson & Prescott,	Bangor,
Samuel W. Hewey,	East Bucksport
T. M. Richardson,	Presque Isle.

FRED ATWOOD, Winterport,
General Agent for Maine, New Brunswick and

Poetry.

WE TWO.

We own no houses, no lots, no lands,
No dainty viands for us are spread,
By sweat of our brows and toil of our hands
We earn the pittance that buys our bread.
And yet we live in a grander state,
Sunbeam and I, than the millionaires
Who dine off silver and golden plate,
With liveried lacqueys behind the chairs.

We have no riches in houses and stocks,
No bank-books show our balance to draw,
Yet we carry a safe-key that unlocks
More treasure than Crœsus ever saw,
We wear no velvet nor satin fine,
We dress in a very homely way,
But ah! what luminous lustres shine
About Sunbeam's gowns and my hodden gray!

When we walk together (we do not ride,
We are far too poor) it is very rare
We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street—but for this we do not care;
We are not lonely, we pass along,
Sunbeam and I, and you cannot see,
We can, what tall and beautiful throngs
Of angels we have for company.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into music at Sunbeam's touch;
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music; there is none such
In the concert halls, where the palpitant air
In musical billows floats and swims;
Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the *peal* of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look into each other's eyes,
And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah! ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The drugs to elixir—the dross to gold,
And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old, but we live in peace,
And love our fellows and envy none,
And our hearts are glad at the large increase
Of plentiful virtues under the sun;
And the days pass on with thoughtful tread,
And the shadows lengthen toward the west,
But the wane of our young years brings no dread
To break their harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray,
And time will furrow my darling's brow,
But never can Time's hand steal away
The tender halo that clasps it now.
So we dwell in wonderful opulence,
With nothing to hurt us or upbraid,
And my life trembles with reverence,
And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

Our Story Teller.

MISS ALTHEA'S RUBBERS.

"This is the best o' bleaching weather. I expected you'd have as much as two webs o' cloth out by this time. Either you ain't going to have another weddin' this fall, or mebbe the sheets and pillow-cases are all made," said Miss Althea Pratt, sliding in at our south door in a half-way manner peculiar to her, as if she never could fully commit herself to anybody's company.

"Three weddings in three years ought to last a long time," said mother, not without a dash of pride in the matter.

"This is such a dreadful marrying family, I thought you might have found somebody for Sylvie by this time."

"I really hav'nt thought to look for anybody. The other girls slid right into marriage, and homes of their own, almost before I knew it."

"So Sylvie ain't quite ready for her slide; mebbe she needs a little pushing. I thought I'd just drop in to tell you that its the fashion now to make pillow-cases rather skimpin, and then have great square covers, ruffled all around, and a big letter worked in the middle. You have to take 'em off, and fold 'em up very carefully, before you go to bed. When I was in Boston, brother Liphalet's wife had some of 'em with a big P in the middle; it might have stood for Pratt or pillow, I couldn't say for a surety which, and I wouldn't ask *her* for no money."

Miss Althea is perfectly aware that I, otherwise Sylvie, am standing in the pantry-window out of her sight, but within hearing of every word she says. She knows, too, that Steven Fraser is leaning against the window sill outside, taking eggs from my hands as I pass out to him half a dozen at a time. He always takes our eggs to market with those from his own farm, because mother is a widow, and has to depend on neighborly kindness for such small lifts toward living.

Steven is very serious and business-like over counting the eggs, but his lips quiver a little with merriment over Miss Althea's pillow-cases. He is truly very handsome. I have tried for years to convince myself, that he has the common-place look of all other men I know —my sisters' husbands, as well as the rest, men that I don't care to look at twice—but I can't do it. Steven's eyes have a shining depth, his features, mobility and a story-telling quality that I can find in no other face. I think Miss Althea is funny, too, and why can't he look up and share his appreciation with me? But he never does look up or down when I expect it—he is the most disappointing of men.

"Sylvie," said Miss Althea, putting her head into the pantry like some long-necked bird, "I forgot just where you come into the family. Is it you or Sophie that's just twenty-five."

"Neither," said I with a needless snap in my voice. "Sophie is the eldest of us all, and she is just twenty-four."

"Well, to be sure, you have such a mature look, so settled down like, that it's hard to guess your ages."

"By the way," said Steven, looking up when he had laid the last egg carefully in the basket, "when shall we have our wedding, Sylvie?"

"That's good news," said Steven."

"I've half a mind to tell you a story," said my mother, meditatively.

"With all my heart; the eggs can wait."

"You know what a rough husk my brother Shubael wears to all the world, but you may never know the warm heart that he hides under it. He was always like that from a boy, but he used to suffer from the most intolerable bashfulness. He was in a flame if a girl looked at him; if she spoke, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. I never pitied anybody so much in my life. It seemed to me that he only needed to pay attention (as the phrase is) to some nice girl in particular, to find out that there is very little in any woman to make a man afraid of her. I lay in wait for Shubael's opinions, till I discovered that he had a faint liking for a girl who was every whit as bashful as himself. It was impossible for either to go half way. I was foolish enough to take the girl into my plot, which dazed what wits she had whenever Shubael went near her, and the more because she really preferred him to any one else. I worked his courage up to the sticking point of asking her to let him go home with her one dark night from a 'quilting,' and was describing my success to your father, as we were taking the longest way home, when Shubael passed us alone, walking very fast. I knew my plan had fallen through when I caught sight of his whimsical face. I had invented the mildest of formulas for him to use, and he marched up to her like a martyr to the stake, and repeated it without the least mistake. And what do you think she said?

'No, I thank you; I've got rubbers.'

Then Shubael fled and never drew his breath till he was safe at home.

He laughed till the tears ran down his face, at himself and her, but from that day to this, he has let all women severely alone. If she had had her wits about her that one night he might have made her happy all her life, instead of both growing more rugged and stiff-necked till they die. They had their chance and lost it!"

"Did she never have another?" asked Steven, with much curiosity.

"Not to my knowledge. She has lived alone, with only a cat for company, with so little business of her own that she must perforce mind other people's, and they don't like it."

"You must have one exception to your rule, mother. It is impossible that any one should ever have held out the ghost of a chance to Miss Althea. She was an old maid in her cradle."

"My dear Sylvie, it was Althea Pratt, and no other, whose unlucky rubbers, made your Uncle Shubael an old bachelor. Her cheeks were as pink, and her tongue no sharper than yours, in those old times when we were girls together. Come, Steven, take the eggs and go your way, and don't entice me to be telling love stories at this time in the morning."

Mother went into the pantry, and that same little puff of wind or one like unto it shut her in.

I felt Steven's eyes like hot sunlight on my face, but his voice was steady as possible.

"I think I remember asking you a question half an hour ago, Sylvie."

"And have you forgotten my answer?"

It would have been an immense relief just then to have twisted the corner of my apron, but I meant to be composed and ladylike, if I had perished in the attempt; so I kept my hands clasped on the table, and held hard.

"You cannot have meant that we have had no wooing. I saw long ago that you possessed every quality that I desire in a wife."

The boldness of this speech—so cold, so unimpassioned—was more than I could endure.

"You should look longer still before you leap. There may be many others who have every quality that you desire in a wife. Olivia Primrose is the very pattern of a farmer's helpmate. I may have a streak of sentiment that would not do credit to the choice of a Frazer."

I had meant to be sarcastic in the extreme, and Steven only threw back his head and laughed.

"I don't take those words to heart, Sylvie, because the trail of Miss Althea is over them all. She has been telling you that I proposed to Miss Primrose, and she rejected me, purposing to give her whole life wholly to the making of butter."

"I know better. Olivia would never refuse you."

"Ah, that puts me in hope again; if you think other women would be willing to take me, with the Frazer farm thrown in, you cannot altogether have cast me out from your own synagogue."

My lips began to tremble. I could not command them long enough to speak the words which came in a torrent.

The garish daylight, my calico gown, and Steven's thick boots—all these common things nipped any romance there might be about the subject of our talk, and wove a spell of silence about me. If he had so much as offered to touch my hand, or even my dress, I could, perhaps, have probed his seeming carelessness, and, by some circumlocution, divined whether he was choosing me for a housekeeper, as the Frazers chose their wives, or as that other part of himself without which his life would ever after be tame and incomplete.

The clock ticked a great many times as I sat motionless under his eyes, inwardly torn with yearnings for that one word of love which never came.

"You have nothing to say to me, just now!" he asked at last.

I shook my head. He made one step forward, and it seemed to me that he half put out his arm, and then turned on his heel, and walked away.

"You'd better stop here to tea on your way home;" called my mother from the pantry window, but she got no answer that was audible to me.

What did I care for the Frazer farm, or doing better than my sister? What I hungered and thirsted for was love in such a measure as should bring Steven to my side, and make him blind to the existence of all other women, though I were the veriest incapable that ever a man bound like a millstone about his neck. I would have taken him just as cheerfully, and worked for him all my days, if he had been a helpless cripple. He knew that I loved him; and he must often have read the dreadful fact in every line of my face, when he had given me one of his unexpected up-looks.

Steven and I had fallen in a dangerous habit of watching each other very early in life. He was my balance by which to weigh other men. When he went away to school and college, I gave him up for lost. Then his father died, and he came home to spend his life on the old farm. Many people called it a sacrifice, but he professed never to have had any other intention. "A little learning did not prove "a dangerous thing," when applied to crops.

It was rather a pleasant thought, after all, when I came to digest it, that "I have every quality which he desired in a wife;" but if I lacked one or two of the useful ones, would he have love enough in his heart to supply their place? This was the rub.

Mother looked in and found me sitting as Steven had left me. I started up with a blush worthy of Uncle Shubael.

"There are early apples to sort," she said, suggestively.

"To be sure," said I, "and I'm the woman to sort them so thoroughly that there won't be one left for seed."

It was just like her to send me and my perturbation to have it out together in some shady corner of the yard.

I did my duty vigorously by the apples, but I kept up a terrible thinking withal—how Steven Frazer had walked home with me from singing-school, about a month before this time, in the delicious moonlight, without so much as offering his arm, or pausing a moment under the apple tree to lengthen his good-bye. If he had such a thing as a wedding on his mind, then was the time of all others to mention it.

And a week later, when there was no moon, but one could see the Pleaides

"Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid,"

he had taken me in his beach wagon to a party at a distant farm-house, going in the afternoon and returning in the most perfect of mellow evenings.

He had seemed so much more conscious of my existence than usual on that afternoon, that hope dawned in my heart that he would speak that night if ever he meant to do so.

We were driving through a belt of odorous pine woods, filled with "flashes of silence," when we overtook a woman driving a laggard horse, and working her passage with the whip. She spoke to Steven, and proved to be one of his neighbors, going to watch with a sick sister

"I'll take you there in half the time, if you'll get in with us, and send your boy back with the team," said Steven, almost eagerly.

The woman (could it be that she was really a woman, so to dash my cup of happiness from my lips?) accepted the offer readily.

Her sister might have been sick as "Simon Peter's wife's mother;" but if she had ever known

"A dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other,"

she would have clung to her own wagon and let us go on our own way alone. I realized, however, before I had poured out my vials of wrath on her, that it was Steven who had made the offer and betrayed his total indifference to the sweet loneliness which had been gathering round us among the pines. I am glad I had the grace to talk with the troublesome old woman and to listen with interest to the whole course of her sister's illness, from the very first symptom. I had my reward when Steven lifted me down at our gate, and she said:

"You're your mother's own gal! You hain't never let me feel that two's company and three's a crowd!"

Steven had walked up the long path with me to carry my shawl; and might have said just a word then—a woman can live long on only a word, if it be loving enough—but he almost threw the shawl across my arm, and ran down the walk as if he were glad to get rid of me. As I piled "Ossa on Pelion" in my thoughts against the possibility of his loving me as I desired to be loved, the forenoon wore away, and the apples were sorted. Mother racked her brains after dinner to keep me busy. One would have thought her a stepmother of the most grinding type; but I thanked her in my heart.

"There comes Steven again," she said, as the sound of approaching wagon wheels came in at the open window, "and brother Shubael with him. You had better set the table now, Sylvie."

"Come in, Steven, come in," said Uncle Shubael, in that high, rasping tone that one gets living alone. "You can have a little peace in this house now Lucretia has married off three of 'em; Sylvie's quiet enough if you let her alone; but if you go to stir her up too much she's as peppery as any of the lot."

"Why Sylvie," said mother when we sat down to the table, "where in the world are your wits? You have put on white cups and gilt saucers?"

"Her ribbons will always match, whether the dishes do or not, you may depend on't," said Uncle Shuabel.

It promised to be the whitest of moonlight evenings, when Uncle Shubael pushed back his chair, and declared his intention of going home without loss of time.

"I always go to bed early when there's a moon," he said, "so's to be out of temptation. If a man ever makes a fool of himself, you may be sure he will do it in the moonlight."

"And how is it with woman?" said mother. "Humph! Moonlight or sunlight's all one to her, I reckon."

"Mrs. Poyser said 'she would never deny that women were fools—the Almighty made them to match the men.'" I put in—

"Who's Mrs. Poyser? does she live in these parts?"

"No."

"Glad to hear that. There's enough sharp-tongued women about here now, without any more moving in."

"Old Candace knew best," said mother. "She said 'Men was nat'rally foolish, but they was a great deal better than nuffin."

"Please convince Sylvie of that doctrine," said Steven, "while I go home with Uncle Shubael for safety's sake."

They went away together, and nothing would do but mother must have out the *Spectator*, and hear me read aloud till bedtime, while I was longing to sit on the doorstep, and pile up agony in the moonlight. It came to pass after that day that six mortal weeks dragged out their slow length, without my once seeing Steven Frazer. Sophie's two children came down with the measles, and I being the only single sister, was, of course drafted for nurse. She mentioned once, as I was sitting in the darkened room, bathing a little fevered head, that Steven had stopped at the door, and left a message from mother, but she said I was busy just then. Oh, the blind cruelty of a married sister with a sick baby! Can anything come nigh unto it in the history of persecution? I stayed with Sophie till her children were convalescent, and then she let me depart in peace. I was trailing home one very dull afternoon, sourly adding up the hard work I had done, and the small credit which Sophie in her motherly kindness would ever give me for it, when a sort of vision of my future unrolled itself before my eyes. If I refused Steven because I was doubtful of the kind of love he felt for me, I knew I should never marry anybody else; I must inevitably come down to oats for company, and know no change in life except nursing my sister's children through all the ills that baby flesh is heir to. I was not the woman to "have a mission" and hew out a special niche for myself in the world. If I had a weakness, it was for being taken care of. Then it flashed upon me that Steven might consider his offer as already rejected, and so leave me no option in the matter. That thought was like touching a bare nerve; the pain of it almost made me stand still, but I hurried on again when I caught a quick, familiar tread behind me.

"Sylvie," said Steven, coming up with me and shaking both of my hands, "you haven't the least idea how glad I am to see you—that is, what there is left of you. Sophie has worn you to skin and bone. I stopped at her house, and she told me you had taken this road. You walked as if your feet were heavy. Perhaps, after all, you *have rubbers*, and don't care for my company."

He faced round suddenly, so as to bar my path, and held out his hands with a bright, yet slightly mischievous smile. I put my two hands in his and laid my face down on them. I was too tired to do anything else. "Poor little thistle of a woman," he said, in an unsteady voice, and gathering me into his strong arms. "Have you pricked me long enough, and will you show me your downy side at last?"

"Only love me a little," I whispered.

"I shall do no such thing. I must love you with all my heart and strength, or not at all. Do you suppose that I did not see and pity your trouble? You wanted a lover who would go cross-gartered, like Malvolio, and was'e himself in sighs for love of you. You could not put faith in one who pleaded his suit in broad daylight through pantry windows. My darling, it was a vow, and this was the way I came to bind myself to it. When I was in college, a mere boy, I was bewitched into a passion for a girl not worthy to look into your face. I saw her first, and in fact always, in moonlight walks under the shadows of elm trees, which must have some diabolical fascination about them. A genial dimness seemed to pervade all our intercourse until I found myself engaged. Then I knew that—

'Colors seen by candle light
Will not look the same by day!'

"Oh, it was heaven to me when I was able to break the cords that bound me to that woman, without being dishonorable! What a chain I should have dragged through life if I had married her! I made a vow then, that if I wooed anotner woman it should be after the most prosaic method that I could devise, and in the broadest daylight. My greatest temptation to break the vow came over me in the pine woods, that glorious night when we so opportunely overtook the old woman who was going to see her sister. If you had been cross then it would have been a great comfort to me. Can you forgive me?"

I don't know that I answered in any set form of words, but Steven seemed satisfied and we walked home together through the foggy air as lightly as if our great content had transmuted it to a golden haze.

As we passed Miss Althea Pratt's little house, she was out of doors, struggling with a great rose-creeper which had fallen in a mass across her doorstep, and utterly refused to be held up with one hand while she nailed it to the door-post with the other. Steven went in to help her, and was not a whit cast down by the ungracious thanks.

"No one shall ever cast a stone at Miss Althea in my hearing," he said; "her unlucky rubbers shall be her shield and buckler, whatever venom she may distill upon me."

When wo reached home. Uncle Shubael was just getting into his wagon to drive off.

"Stay a bit," said Steven; "we have something to tell you."

"Don't want to hear none of your news. I knew by your looks you had been putting your foot in it. Lucretia's cryin' over it already. Women always cry when a person of sense would laugh."

He was well out of the gate when he called me to speak to him, and turning his back squarely, thrust these words at me over his shoulder:—

"I don't want you to be altogether a burden to Steven; so, when you're married, you may have that bit of pastur that dovetails into the Frazer farm"

What One Woman is Doing.

The question as to what woman can do is best answered by showing what they have done, Dubuque, Iowa, is an enterprising city of 20,000 inhabitants, with perhaps a larger portion of intelligent and thoughtful people than most western cities. Some years ago a library was started in a lawyer's office in this town. It was a small affair, not much used, and of no account anyway. But it met a want, found friends and grew. Presently it was put into a couple of large rooms, and placed in charge of Miss Martha Chaddock, a young woman of singular tact, intelligence and energy, who devotes herself to its interest, and with remarkable success. It now numbers about 8,000 volumes of well selected books, has some thirty or forty magazines on its reading table, and a few of the best papers on its rack. It is the popular institution of the city, is visited by hundreds every week, is the rendezvous of the most intelligent and cultivated people in the afternoon; and ils reading room is constantly occupied by readers of both sexs and all ages. There may be seen a dozen boys and girls quietly reading side by side and generally books selected by the discriminating librarian. A boy brings in a book for exchange, and Miss Chaddock is overheard saying:—"You have read fiction enough for the present, John; here is a book about birds, that will interest you, and I want you to take this, this time. It is impossible for John to say "no" to anything that sweet, kind, motherly woman asks; and he devours the birds, feathers and all. Young ladies are constantly invited to read the best books and to talk about their contents, until they are ashamed to take even the best novels all the time. Professional men go to the librarian for the facts that bear directly on the case they have in hand; and she refers them to the volume, if not to the chapter and page, where they may find what they want. And so, in the quietest manner without a particle of noise or ostentation, this young woman is using these volumes as a means of culture, refinement and virtue, and making what is generally allowed to be a mere pool of stagnant literary entertainment a fountain spring of the best intellectual and moral influence. And this library has been made what it is through the tact and energy of its keeper. It is a great thing for a woman to order her home and train her children well, and help her husband in heart and life, but it is a nobler thing for a woman who has neither home, nor children, nor husband, to turn away from the glitter and fascinations of fashionable society, and devote herself to a worthy object, and so live her self into the hearts and lives of hundreds. And among the things that an intelligent and accomplished woman can do better than most men, is the taking charge of a library.

A Seasonable Paragraph.

The following, from *Hall's Journal of Health*, is a seasonable reading: Many persons lose their lives every year by an injudicious change of clothing, and the principles need repetition every year. If clothing is to be diminished it should be done in the morning, when first dressing. Additional clothing may be safely put on at any time. In the Northern States, the undergarments should not be changed for less heavy earlier than the middle of May; for even in June a fire is very comfortable sometimes in a New York parlor. Half the diseases of humanity would be swept from existence if the human body were kept comfortably warm all the time. The discomfort of cold feet, or of a chilly room, many have experienced to their sorrow; they make the mind peevish and fretful, while they expose the body to colds and inflammations, which often destroy it in less than a week.

Our Young Folks' Column.

From The Youths' Companion.

GRANDFATHERS BARN.

O don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
Where our cousins and we met to play;
How we climbed on the beams and the scaffold so high,
Or tumbled at will on the hay;
How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
And riddles and witch stories told,
While the sunshine came in through the cracks at the south,
And turned all the dust into gold?

How we played hide and seek in each cranny and nook,
Wherever a child could be stowed;
Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye,
And on it to "Boston" we rode?
And then we kept store, and sold barley and oats,
And corn by the bushel or bin;
And straw, for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax, for our mothers to spin.

Then we played we were biddies, and cackled and crowed,
Till grandmother in haste came to see
If the weasels were killing the old speckled hen,
Or whatever the mater might be.
How she patted our heads when she saw her mistake,
And called us her sweet "chicken-dears!"
While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture recalled
The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played meeting, and school,
And Indian, and soldier, and bear!
While up in the rafters the swallows kept house,
Or sailed through the soft Summer air.
How we longed to peep into their curious nest!
But they were too far overhead;
So we wished we were giants, or winged like the birds,
And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made
When selling at auction the hay;
And how we wound up with a keel-over leap
From the scaffold down into the bay?
When we went in to supper our grandfather said,
If he had not once been a boy,
He should thought that the Hessians were sacking the town,
Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

How the years have gone on since in grandfather's barn
To play with our cousins we met!
Our eyes have grown dim and our locks have turned gray
The golden, the brown, and the jet.
Yet still in my heart there's an evergreen nook,
Where childhood's sweet memories stay;
And no music to me has a charm that can thrill,
Like the voices of children at play.

The Magic Whisper.

"Children," said Uncle Ned," what color is dat yar rose?"

"Red," they shouted, "just as red as a rose can be."

"No dispution 'bout dat at all, is dar?" said Uncle Ned, mysteriously.

"Of course there isn't," said the children.

"Well," pursued the old negro, whom everybody called Uncle Ned, "what would you children say if I war to whisper a message to dat yar rose which be de occasion ub making it turn white in spots, whiter'n white folks?"

"Oh, Uncle Ned, you couldn't do it."

"Well, now, jess you chilen' be still an' circumspectuous a minute, an, old Uncle Ned'll show you sumfin." So saying, he took the bright red rose and asked the youngsters to "look sharp at it in every 'ticular, so they'd know it agin sartin an' sure." Then carrying it into the pantry, he called out:

"Is you all seated still and circumspectuously?"

"Yes, yes," they cried.

Out he came, with the rose hidden in his hand; then holding it to his lips, for a moment, he whispered his message, rolling his eyes at a great rate all the while. Looking into his still nearly closed hand he added aloud:

"He! he! what skeers you so? You's nose as white as the chil'en." Here show yourself!"

"Oh, oh, oh," cried the children, as they crowded about Uncle Ned to admire the flower. "Isn't that lovely. Why, its all variegated, red and white! How did you do it Uncle Ned?"

"How did I warimigate it? Didn't you comprehend? I gib it a message."

"Tell me the message, please do," said the least girl of the party. "Teach me how to whisper to the rose."

Uncle Ned shook his head.

"Please do," she pleaded. She was Uncle Ned's pet-

"Well, come into the pantry, Miss Nellie, an' don't neber tell a livin' soul."

In they went, with a fresh rose, and soon came out with it even more beautifully variegated than the first was.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried the children again. "Tell us, Nellie, tell us the magic whisper."

But Nellie just folded her chubby arms quietly, and said she had promised Uncle Ned to keep the secret like a little lady.

Then such a hubbub as there was! The children crowded around the old negro, and teased him until at last he declared that if they couldn't "misbehave deselves no better dan dat, he'd just clear out and leab 'em. But," he added, "if it's gwine to comboberate you at this rate, guess ole uncle'll tell you afore he goes. You just light a match, an' hole it quick under the rose, an' let de fumes rise up into it, kinder protectin' de rose, so, wid your hand, so it can git a heap of de gas, out ob de match, bein' mighty keerfull not to scrch it, and it warimegates beautiful. Most any flower'll do de same—peonies, roses, or mose any ob 'em. De whisper's jess a make believes. But it don't take nuffin to fool white folks."

All the rest of that day the children were trying Uncle Ned's plan of "warimegating" roses, and in time, they succeeded quite as well as he. They soon discovered that if the rose was not sufficiently changed before the wood of the match began to burn, it was best to blow out that match and hold another freshly lighted one under the flower. Nellie varigated a blue lark-spur, and changed a red fuschia so beautifully, that when her uncle, the botanist, dropped in to see them in the evening, he really thought it was some wonderful new variety that was shown him.—*Hearth and Home.*

No Bait.

A superintendent once asked us to take charge of a Sunday school class. "You'll find 'em rather a bad lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but little Johnny Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you would talk to 'em a little."

I told him I would. They were rather a hard looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as the lessons were over I said:

"Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday. All but little Johnny here. You didn't go, did you Johnny?"

"No, sir."

"That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you," I continued, you will now learn from his own lips words of good council which I hope you will profit by."

I lifted him on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

"Now, Johnny, I want you to tell your teacher and these wicked boys, why you did not go a fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was very wicked, and you had rather come to the Sunday school, wasn't it?"

"No, sir; it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait!"

About Puzzles.

Many popular puzzles depend on the ambiguity or double meaning of words and phrases. Thus we are told there was a man who had six children, and had never seen one of them. We are led to suppose that none of the children had ever been beheld by their parent; but the words may mean equally as well that one of them had been born while the man was on a journey, and he had, consequently never seen that one. Another puzzle is this:—There was a poor blind beggar who had a brother, the brother died, but the man who died had no brother. We are apt to think the beggar might be a girl, the answer becomes quite plain.

We are told of two men who met each other at an inn, and greeted each other affectionately. The hotel keeper inquired of one how he was related to the other, who replied:

"Brother and sister have I none,
Yet this man's father was my father's son."

This is a perfectly plain statement, an yet there are few whose minds are clear enough to see at once that this jingle of words is only a round-about way of saying that this man was the speaker's son.

The Three Seives.

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did wish she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrapted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three seives."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *is it true*?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *is it kind*?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And, *is it necessary*?"

"No, mamma: there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

"A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

THE PERRY

GOLD MEDAL MOWER.

HAS ITS CUTTER BAR IN LINE with the axle, to follow the tread of the wheel over inequalities of ground, and is of light draft and very effective.

Was triumphant before the New England Agricultural Society in 1866, 1867 and 1868, and at the Paris Great Exposition, 1867. Received the only first prize Gold Medal at the Great Field Trial at Amherst, Mass., in 1869.

The American Hay Tedder.

Enables the most important Agricultural product of America to be cut, cured and stored in the barn in one day. Improves the quality and increases the value of the hay crop. Prevents all risk of damage from storms and sudden showers. Is simple, durable and of light draft. Was awarded the New England Agricultural Society's only first prize at the Great Field Trial at Amherst, Mass., in 1869, as being superior to all others, and the best and only perfect machine for tedding or turning hay.

HURT'S

Self-Adjusting Horse Hay Rake,

Has a downward pressure upon the teeth, just sufficient to rake the hay without scratching the ground. Needs no constantly changing pressure of the foot or hand upon levers to keep it to its work. Works well on rough or smooth land, and in all kinds of grass. Is of light draft and easy to operate.

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AMES PLOW COMPANY,

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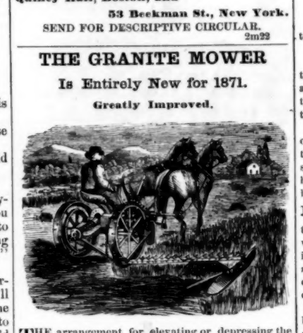
THE GRANITE MOWER

Is Entirely New for 1871.

Greatly Improved.



THE arrangement for elevating or depressing the points of the guards makes this Mower worth 25 dollars more than any other. Warranted superior to any mower in use for rough and stony land, bogs cradle ridges, &c. Will be sold at reduced prices. Light draft, strong and durable. Less bolts than any other mower now in use. A less number of parts than any other. The simplest machine in use, combines all the best features of other first class machines.

Farmers—we wish you to examine this new machine and give it a trial before buying any other. Descriptive pamphlets furnished on application. Our traveling agents, Messrs. MAXHAM & PARTRIDGE, are now in the State showing the machine and making arrangements for local agents.

Address for information, &c.,

GRANITE AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

3m23 Lebanon, N. H.

The Ithaca Steel Tooth Wheel Rake.

THE teeth of this Rake are made of spring steel, all oil tempered, each tooth being independent of the other, thus preventing it scratching the ground, which it does the least of any in use, and dirts the hay the least of any wire tooth rake in the market. All who have used it pronounce it the lightest draft, easiest managed. Any good sized boy 14 years old can work it with ease. The teeth lift the hay from the ground, yet drops the hay in the best of shape. The wheels run on iron axles, is made of the best of material, in the most perfect manner. Will rake oats and barley well. Last year was its first year in Maine and we sold over 300. We take pleasure in referring to those farmers who used them as to the truth of the above statements, and would advise all to try this Rake before buying any other now in the market. It is the most durable of any. We used two last year, raking over 100 acres with each part of which was smooth and stony. They were in as good condition when we got done as when we began. It is for sale in every county in Maine by the agents of the celebrated Advance Mower. Price $42. Some more agents wanted. For further particulars inquire of or address

M. E. RICE, Stetson, Maine,
General Agent.

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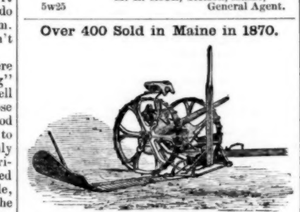
Over 400 Sold in Maine in 1870.



THE ADVANCE MOWER.

WARRANTED the lightest draft Mower offered for sale to the farmers of New England this year, 1871. No Mower ever had so large a sale in the second year of its introduction in Maine as the ADVANCE. No one piece sold so little repairs on the first equal number sold in this State. It is warranted to do the best work on the slowest walk of the team, in heavy or wet grass, and choke and clog the least. Also the best work in thin and light grass. Will start in the cut. Any good fair 800 to 900 pound horse will carry a 4 foot 6 or 4 foot 9 cut with ease, up hill or down.

The One Horse Mower is a perfect success. The first one horse machine produced that is easy work for the horse. One-third lighter draft than any single Mower ever offered the farmers of Maine.

Repairs kept with W. A. Bartlett and Butler & Haynes, Bangor; Thompson and Putnam, Lewiston; the subscriber, Stetson, and some with most all the agents.

Built by the Belvidere Manufacturing Company, Belvidere, New Jersey, and warranted two seasons (instead of one as usual). With fair usage any piece breaking on account of any defect or flaw or fault of the builders, a new piece will be furnished without charge. Prices to conform with the times.

We advise every farmer wishing to buy a Mower to try the Advance. Give it a fair trial and we believe you will buy it. It is for sale in every County in Maine and New Hampshire by the same agents as the Ithaca Rake. Can work a few more agents in some localities.

M. E. RICE, Stetson, Maine,
General Agent for Maine, N. H. and N. B.

Stetson, June 5, 1871, 4w27

Bullard's Patent Improved

HAY TEDDER.

This Tedder, as now improved and constructed, having been submitted to the severest tests of field work, we confidently offer it to the farmers as the

Best Hay Spreader and Tedder

yet found possible to make. The *perfect* and universal satisfaction given the last season by these improved machines has clearly demonstrated the fact that Bullard's Improved Tedder is the only one yet offered to the public that will *thoroughly spread long hay cut*, taking it up from the bottom, tossing it gently into the air, and leaving it upon the ground in a light, fleecy condition, *just as the former desires to have it*. The machine is one warranted to be thoroughly made, and one of so light draft that an 800 pound horse can operate it with ease.

The Whitcomb Horse Ray Rake

is the simplest, most easily operated and most reliable Hay Rake in use. The only substantial objection to it (that of raising the head) has now been overcome by a different arrangement of the levers, and we now offer it to the farmer as one with which he can go through the hay hay season without the necessity of a continual *tinkering and repairing*.

We also offer the well known and reliable standard Mower,

THE IMPROVED BUCKEYE,

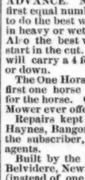
at reduced prices, although we have taken great pains to so improve it as to present a *better machine* than ever before. Don't fail to look at the 1871 Buckeye before purchasing any other kind.

RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING CO.,

6t26 Prescott St., Worcester, Mass.

Double Harpoon

Horse Hay-Fork.



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Endorsed by 1000 Farmers in 1870.

Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free.

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FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.,
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WE will send the genuine Alsike Clover in lots of five pounds and upwards, by express, C. O. D., at 40 cts. per pound, and by mail prepaid at 50 cts. per pound. We refer parties for particular information to Warren Percival, Esq., one of the trustees of the Maine Agricultural Society, who has used the Alsike Clover for the past two years. It only takes five pounds to seed an acre. Sample sent free by mail. A liberal discount made to the trade.

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PERFUMERY, Toilet and Fancy Goods is still at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE, opposite the FARMER office. 38

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New Orleans, Mobile & Texas

RAILROAD COMPANY

Are building a trunk line, connecting New Orleans with Mobile on the east, and giving

THE ONLY RAILROAD CONNECTION

between the former city and the great and most productive State of Texas on the west, the total distance from Mobile to Houston being 475 miles.

The Company is composed of a strong Northern capitalists, who have already expended nearly TEN MILLION DOLLARS of their own funds in the construction of the line. They have built about 225 miles from Mobile westward, and secured by purchase of securities and made provision for the thorough repair and equipment of the 108 miles constituting the Texas division; leaving but 140 miles to be built

To Complete the Entire Road.

It is believed that no other railroad corporation in the country has ever made so large an expenditure from its own means before offering any of its securities to the public.

The Company now offer for sale the

Eight Per Cent. Mortgage Bonds

upon the Louisiana division of 236½ miles from New Orleans to the Sabine River. This will probably be the most valuable portion of the whole line, as it will be the only rail communication by which the enormous productions of Texas can reach the Southern metropolis.

So important is this road considered in Louisiana, that the State has made very liberal grants in aid of the enterprise, by direct donations, by endorsement of its bonds, and by subscriptions to the stock of the Company, amounting in all to over eight million dollars.

The Bonds now offered are of two classes:

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

to the amount of $12,500 per mile, and

SECOND MORTGAGE BONDS,

to an equal amount, both principal and interest guaranteed by the State of Louisiana. The price of the two classes is the same, and the subscribers can take their choice.

The Bonds are only in the denomination of $1000, or £200 each, interest payable January and July, at the rate of eight per cent. currency in New York, or seven per cent. gold in London, at the option of the holder, at the time each coupon is due. Bonds can be registered, if desired.

No better security has been offered to investors. The Bonds are largely profitable, as well as entirely safe. One thousand dollars invested in these eight per cent, bonds will give the purchaser *more than seventy-seven per cent.* greater annual interest than the same amount invested in the new Government Five Per Cents.

At the same price, an 8 per cent. currency long bond is far cheaper than a 7 per cent. gold one. Calculating a return to specie payments in three years, and taking the time that the bonds of the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad have to run—45 years—we find that by compounding the interest of each, every six months, at 7 per cent, **an 8 per cent. currency bond at 90 will give a return of $2614 18 MORE than a 7 per cent. gold bond, at the same price, or nearly three times the amount of the original investment.**

The Bonds are dated May 1, 1871. The first coupon will, therefore, be a fractional one, running from May 1 to July 1. The price is 90, and accrued interest at 8 per cent. currency from May 1 to date of remittance.

Subscriptions will be